THE NEW REPUBLIC

WWW.TNR.COM ▶ MAY 15, 2006

Never again? What nonsense. Again and again is more like it. In Darfur, we are witnessing a genocide again, and again we are witnessing ourselves witnessing it and doing nothing to stop it. Even people who wish to know about the problem do not wish to know about the solution. They prefer the raising of consciousnesses to the raising of troops. Just as Rwanda made a bleak mockery of the lessons of Bosnia, Darfur is making a bleak mockery of the lessons of Rwanda. Some lessons, it seems, are gladly and regularly unlearned. Except, of course, by the perpetrators of this evil, who learn the only really enduring lessons about genocide in our time: that the Western response to it is late in coming, or is not coming at all.

continued on page seven

#BXNRTKG **********AUTO** 5-DIGIT 94301
#90701000005544422# 0617 13MAR07
RON K UNZ
371
555 BRYANT ST
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704 P0002

20
$3.95US $4.95CAN
0 71486 01742 4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thousands of voices

Millions of lives

SAVE DARFUR. IT'S UP TO YOU.

SAVE DARFUR
www.savedarfur.org **NOW**

On Sunday April 30, Americans gathered in cities across the nation. They were tens of thousands, representing every race and creed. But they spoke with one voice.

Not again. Not on our watch.

The genocide in Darfur has reached a critical moment. Hundreds of thousands have been killed. Millions have been displaced and are in immediate danger. **It can be stopped, but only if we act now.**

Visit www.savedarfur.org

Add your voice today, so we can look ourselves in the mirror tomorrow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MARTIN PERETZ

EDITOR Franklin Foer
LITERARY EDITOR Leon Wieseltier
EXECUTIVE EDITOR J. Peter Scoblic
MANAGING EDITOR Jeremy Kahn
DEPUTY EDITORS
Richard Just, Katherine Marsh
EDITOR-AT-LARGE Peter Beinart
SENIOR EDITORS
Jonathan Chait, Jonathan Cohn, Michelle Cottle, Michael Crowley, Ruth Franklin, John B. Judis, Lawrence F. Kaplan, Ryan Lizza, Noam Scheiber, Lee Siegel, Andrew Sullivan, James Wood, Jason Zengerle
LEGAL AFFAIRS Jeffrey Rosen
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Adam B. Kushner
TNR ONLINE
Christiane Culhane, Culture Editor
FILMS Stanley Kauffmann
THEATER Robert Brustein
ART Jed Perl
MUSIC David Hajdu
DANCE Jennifer Homans
POETRY EDITOR Glyn Maxwell
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT Joshua Kurlantzick
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Fouad Ajami, David A. Bell, Paul Berman, Gregg Easterbrook, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Nathan Glazer, Anthony Grafton, David Grann, Robert Kagan, Michael Kinsley, Charles Krauthammer, Jeremy McCarter, John McWhorter, Sherwin B. Nuland, Michael B. Oren, Christopher Orr, David Rieff, Maggie Scarf, Ronald Steel, Cass R. Sunstein, Alan Taylor, E.V. Thaw, Helen Vendler, Michael Walzer, Sean Wilentz, Alan Wolfe, Robert Wright
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
Jack Coughlin, David Cowles, Vint Lawrence, David Schorr
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS
Massoud Ansari, Masha Gessen, Yossi Klein Halevi, Janine Zacharia
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Spencer Ackerman
ART/DESIGN DIRECTION
Joe Heroun, Christine Car/H2C Media
EDITORIAL-CORPORATE COORDINATOR
Linda Gerth
PRODUCTION AND I.T. DIRECTOR
Bruce Steinke
PRODUCTION MANAGER
Henry Riggs
ASSISTANT EDITORS
Kara Baskin, Marisa Katz, Keelin McDonell
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
Steven Groopman
ASSISTANT TO THE LITERARY EDITOR
Chloë Schama
ASSISTANT POETRY EDITOR Melanie Rehak
REPORTER-RESEARCHERS
Rob Anderson, Alexander M. Belenky, Eve Fairbanks
INTERN, TNR ONLINE
Tim Fernholz

GENERAL MANAGER Allen Chin
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR Lori Fleishman Dorr
ONLINE BUSINESS DIRECTOR Ari Gersen
ONLINE MARKETING MANAGER Emilie Harkin
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Marjorie Powers

ADVERTISING SALES & MARKETING
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Richard Parker
DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING, WEST
Joan Stapleton Tooley
ACCOUNT DIRECTOR Julie Sturmak Kettell
PUBLISHING REPRESENTATIVE
Perry Janoski, Allston-Cherry, Ltd.
MARKETING MANAGER Alexandra Scott

TNR/ON SYMPOSIA ON PUBLIC POLICY
Joan Daly

FINANCE & ADMINISTRATION
ACCOUNTING MANAGER Jessie Ahn
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Grant Loomis

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
LEONARD ASPER
LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN
ROGER HERTOG, Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ
MICHAEL STEINHARDT

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Updated daily. On the Web at www.tnr.com.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

MAY 15, 2006 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,765 VOLUME 234

Cover Stories

The Editors 1 **Again** There is no point in caring about a problem unless you care about its solution. The only way to stop genocide in Darfur is for the United States and its Western allies to use force.

Andrew B. Loewenstein 14 **Words Fail** The U.N.'s curious refusal to call genocide genocide.

Mudawi Ibrahim Adam 15 **The Trial** Inside a Sudanese prison.

Samantha Power 16 **The Void** The real problem with Darfur: Iraq.

Eric Reeves 18 **Next Casualty** Why Darfur's misery has just begun.

Marisa Katz 20 **A Very Long Engagement** Bush channels Neville Chamberlain.

Michal Ronnen Safdie 22 **Stilled Lives** Images from a Darfuri refugee camp.

Richard Just 27 **An Imperialist Indifference** *Darfur: The Ambiguous Genocide* by Gérard Prunier; *Darfur: A Short History of a Long War* by Julie Flint and Alex de Waal

Politics & the World

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Tom Goldstein: populist, &c.

Peter Beinart 6 **TRB | Simple Life** Teddy Roosevelt v. Paris Hilton

Ryan Lizza 10 **Are, Too** I am not a Confederate symp, says George Allen. But the evidence keeps mounting.

Michael Crowley 12 **Floaters** The presidential campaign as business expense.

Andrew Sullivan 42 **EAST GRINSTEAD DIARIST | The Shire**

Books & the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann 26 **FILMS | Power Problems** The satire of *American Dreamz* feels all too real; *Stolen* peers at an unsolved art heist.

Christine Stansell 30 **Escape to Duty** *Citizen: Jane Addams and the Struggle for Democracy* by Louise W. Knight

Joseph Frank 36 **Patrimonies** *Russian Conservatism and Its Critics: A Study in Political Culture* by Richard Pipes; *Vixi: Memoirs of a Non-Belonger* by Richard Pipes

April Bernard 38 **POEM** | *Heimatlos*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

AMICUS GRIEF

WHAT'S WRONG WITH TOM GOLDstein's American University pedigree ("The Hustler," April 10)? Why are only Ivy League graduates deemed worthy to serve in certain positions? Should someone be punished for life because he didn't feel like studying when he was a teenager? Or because he chose to go to a public university (in Goldstein's case, the University of North Carolina as an undergrad) for financial reasons? Is a man who scores 170 on his LSAT any smarter than one who scores 160? Besides, if all of these Ivy League law school graduates are so damn smart, how come you can't get nine of them together to agree on a simple little thing like the U.S. Constitution?

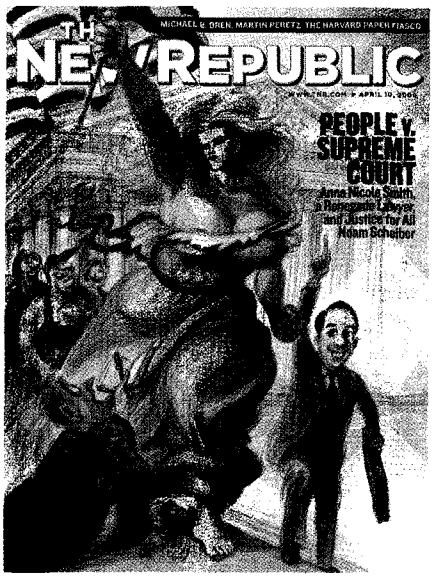
ANDY DEJOSEPH
San Diego, California

THANKS BUT NO THANKS FOR THE sensational Supreme Court cover on the April 10 issue. It's too bad the Anna Nicole Smith image on the cover bears so little resemblance to the photograph on page 17. And perhaps it's not important that the happy little lawyer figure, Tom Goldstein, represents her opposing counsel. Nor does it matter that the article is not about the Smith case at all. But, hey! Unlike the cover, the article was quite worthwhile.

DOMINICK J. PAOLILLO JR.
Ithaca, New York

SETTLED FLAW

A WEEK BEFORE *THE NATION*'S REview of my book, *The Accidental Empire*, made me out to be a "liberal Zionist," TNR's Gadi Taub labeled me a "soft" post-Zionist—akin to "soft on communism" in another time ("The Facts on the Ground," April 10). Readers may notice the playing to type but miss the ideological project driving Taub's essay in these pages. In a common Israeli telling, there is a simple divide between secular doves and religious expansionists. This picture roughly fits today's divisions. More important for its proponents, it lines up the argument over the occupied territories with the old secular-Orthodox Kulturkampf. Taub would twist the settlements' early history to fit that ideological scheme.



Labor Zionism would be represented by Amos Oz and a David Ben-Gurion shorn of complexity. Even among settlement proponents, an abyss would separate secularists and Orthodox. But that picture defies historical fact. In 1967, the Labor camp was divided. Belief in Greater Israel was widespread on the Zionist left. Followers of the leftist Yitzhak Tabenkin were the first settlers in occupied land. Ben-Gurion's acolyte, Moshe Dayan, was entranced with the West Bank's biblical past and proposed widespread settlement. Yigal Allon described his Allon plan as reconciling Greater Israel with the impossibility of annexing the Palestinians. Moreover, religious Zionists drew the value of settlement from Labor Zionism—uncomfortable as that unintended paternity may make Taub.

Meanwhile, Ben-Gurion was politically isolated. Oz aimed his anti-occupation polemic at Dayan. Labor settlement critic Aryeh Eliav became an outcast. Taub also errs on key details. When Labor lost power, at least 11,000 settlers lived in occupied territory—not 6,000. Like earlier studies that share his bias, Taub may be including only the West Bank, ignoring Labor efforts in the Golan, Sinai, and Gaza. Philosophically, I agree that Zionism should aim at "redeeming people," rather than land. Historically, though, there have been many Zionisms. Identifying one as Zionism's "essence," as Taub does, is polemical rather than historical. Writing history, one must report not what should have been, but what was. Recognizing Labor's role in the settlement enterprise, I neither legitimize settlement nor delegitimize Zionism. Rather, I describe history's tragic ironies.

GERSHOM GORENBERG
Jerusalem, Israel

TAUB'S REVIEW FALLS SHORT ON several counts. First, it misreads Gorenberg's purpose. As a journalistic account, his book focuses primarily on what actually happened in the territories that Israel occupied in the 1967 war, rather than why it happened. This is a legitimate use of historiographic methods, though it differs from the approach of an analytically oriented historian. Second, Gorenberg nonetheless points to a direct relation between the post-1967 settlements and those established earlier by the Zionist movement. Gorenberg's argument is that techniques used by classical Zionism when Britain ruled Palestine were copied after the 1967 war, when a sovereign Israeli state existed. One can disagree with Gorenberg on this point, but not disregard it, as Taub did.

Third, any fair account of the post-1967 settlement enterprise shows that it is *the* national project of Israel. It is logical to estimate that Israel has invested more financial, political, and human resources in the settlements than in almost any other field, hoping to achieve control over maximum territory beyond the June 4, 1967, borders and contain the Palestinian people living there. According to Taub, this is because the religious

THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 234, Number 18, Issue 4,765, May 15, 2006. (Printed in the United States on May 4, 2006.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated March 20 & 27, June 5 & 12, July 10 & 17, August 14 & 21, September 11 & 18, and November 27 & December 4, 2006) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Grant Loomis at (202) 508-4444 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97; foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds); Canada, $99.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). © 2006 by The New Republic, LLC. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone (800) 521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: letters@tnr.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call (800) 827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movement Gush Emunim hijacked Zionism and encouraged Israelis to move toward Greater Israel. Taub defines his favored Labor movement as classical secular Zionism and seeks to clear it of responsibility. But the data lead to the opposite conclusion. For most of the years since 1967, the Labor movement has either been a coalition partner in Likud governments or has itself led Israel. According to the Foundation for Middle East Peace's settlement statistics, since the 1993 Oslo agreement through 2004, the settler population in the West Bank and Gaza grew 90 percent. While it is true that Menachem Begin was the prime minister who invested most heavily in settlement, both parties continued to invest in the project after Begin. Ehud Barak's government invested more heavily in the settlements than did Ariel Sharon's.

MENACHEM KLEIN
Assistant Professor of Political Science
Bar-Ilan University
Ramat Gan, Israel

GADI TAUB RESPONDS:

I couldn't agree with Gershom Gorenberg more that there are many shades of secular Zionism, which is why I found his attempt to reduce them all to the idiosyncratic views of Yitzhak Tabenkin odd. Lumping everything under Tabenkin-like views and calling them all "nationalism" does indeed make Labor Zionism and religious redemption look alike. But there were serious differences between the two, and ignoring them is hardly a way to do justice to historical complexity. Had Gorenberg bothered with even a rudimentary discussion of Labor Zionist thought, his readers may not have been left at such a loss as to why Labor and the settlers ended up at opposite poles of the political spectrum. As for the number of settlers in 1977, it takes an effort at misreading to conclude that I err "on key details," which seems to be why Gorenberg hastens to retract the charge several sentences later. Indeed, as he suggests, and as my review made clear, 6,000 did not include such areas as the Golan Heights and Sinai, which would have made no sense in the context in which the number was mentioned: It was a comparison with the number of settlers residing in the same territory still under occupation in 2005. That *The Nation* should dub Gorenberg's view "liberal Zionism" is not surprising. What I called soft "post-Zionism" does not qualify as full-fledged Israel bashing, postcolonial studies–style. This double helix is what happens when you never actually say what you keep insinuating. In Hebrew we call it "neither milk nor meat."

Menachem Klein apparently believes my review was an attempt to absolve Labor governments. I'm not sure I see why. As my review said, "Gorenberg is certainly right to point out that Labor was implicated in the origins of settlement." Had the book continued beyond 1977, I'd also agree that Yitzhak Rabin, Shimon Peres, and Ehud Barak were implicated. My point was something else: Settlement designed to strengthen a rule of occupation is a negation—not an extension—of the original Zionist project. Despite the many shades of Zionism, the occupation violates the first

continued on page 41

ANTISEMITISM AND GENOCIDE TODAY

CHALLENGE YOUR MIND
CHANGE YOUR WORLD

TWO EXHIBITIONS
ON CONTEMPORARY ISSUES

A Dangerous Lie:
The Protocols of the Elders of Zion

Darfur, Sudan:
Who Will Survive Today?

UNITED STATES HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL MUSEUM
100 Raoul Wallenberg Place, SW | Washington, DC 20024 | www.ushmm.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Simple Life

TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

THE CONVENTIONAL WISDOM about congressional Democrats is changing. From Social Security to port security to immigration, they suddenly look shrewd, united, and tough. But they are about to face a historic test on an issue where they've been steamrollered in the past: the estate tax. Losing on that could matter more than winning back the House.

Later this month, in all likelihood, congressional Republicans will again try to repeal the tax on inherited wealth. If they succeed, they won't stop there. The assault on the estate tax is a stalking-horse for something much bigger: the assault on progressive taxation itself. Already, a national "fair tax" movement—endorsed by House Speaker Dennis Hastert—wants to replace the income tax with a national sales tax, in which rich and poor pay the same rate. If the estate tax falls, it is the income tax Democrats will find themselves defending next.

Behind this GOP radicalism lies one of the central political developments of our time: the collapse of the two-party consensus in support of the welfare state. That consensus was born when Dwight Eisenhower refused to overturn the New Deal. It survived the presidency of Ronald Reagan, who proposed neither repealing the estate tax nor privatizing Social Security. But it began to crumble when Republicans took the House in 1994. Since then, even as George W. Bush has increased spending on health care and education, the GOP has grown more intellectually committed to an America without government-sponsored social insurance and without a graduated income tax. Eliminating social insurance would radically reduce the federal government's obligations, and eliminating the progressive income tax would radically reduce its resources. In short, while the Democratic Party still advocates the social compact of the twentieth century, the GOP now proposes something closer to the social compact of the nineteenth.

When liberals assume that the motivation behind this GOP assault is purely financial, they make a grave mistake. Of course, Wall Street helped bankroll last year's effort at Social Security "reform." And, in the campaign against the estate tax, a few ultra-wealthy families have done the same. But, as Michael Graetz and Ian Shapiro show in their book, *Death by a Thousand Cuts*, many of the most fervent anti–estate tax crusaders have no monetary interest in its repeal. And, amazingly, most Americans oppose the tax even when told that it applies only to the hyper-rich. Ultimately, the argument against the estate tax, like the argument against social insurance, is moral. It is about right and wrong.

The GOP's argument is simple: It's your money. And, after a lifetime of toil, you have the right to pass it on to your kids, no matter how rich you are. A key GOP talking point, Graetz and Shapiro note, is that the estate tax destroys the American dream.

When Democrats respond that the estate tax affects only 2 percent of the population, they unwittingly concede the GOP's point. Yes, the tax is unfair, they imply, but to someone else. And thus, they lose the moral high ground. After all, middle-class Americans don't hate the rich. They imagine a wealthy octogenarian, having pulled himself up by his bootstraps, and think, "Good for him, that's the American dream I want, too."

To save the estate tax, Democrats must fold it into their own story of the American dream. And, to do that, they must contest the GOP's core assumption: that the rich get that way all on their own. "The man of great wealth," said Theodore Roosevelt, an early estate tax proponent, "owes a particular obligation to the state, because he derives special advantages from the mere existence of government." From public education, to public infrastructure (think how many fewer gazillionaires there would be had government not funded the research that created the Internet), to public safety, government creates the context that allows individual genius to thrive.

This argument has several implications. The first is that, because the American dream involves both public support and individual initiative, vast inheritances pervert it. Obviously, wealthy parents have the right to provide their children some financial comfort (which a 50 percent estate tax after a million-dollar family exemption more than allows). But, beyond a certain level, unearned wealth undermines the moral link between effort and reward. The argument for the estate tax is an argument for the dignity of work. And, if welfare recipients violated that principle in the 1990s, surely Paris Hilton does today.

That principle also suffers when people do work hard but see no reward because they lack sufficient public support. As the industrialist and estate tax champion Andrew Carnegie put it, the rich should help build "the ladders upon which the aspiring can rise." If they don't—if individual initiative becomes futile because there is no opportunity to rise—people begin to lose faith in capitalism itself.

In their own lifetimes, Roosevelt and Carnegie saw that happen. They loathed socialism and revered the unbridled competition that the free market implied. But they realized that, when the masses lacked the means to compete, socialism took hold.

That is the greatest challenge to reviving Roosevelt and Carnegie's arguments today. In many ways, communism's demise is a blessing. But it also means American elites are no longer haunted by the specter that, if they don't deal the poor into the capitalist game, that game will dissolve in an orgy of blood.

Today, the participants in that game are disturbingly few. Twenty-first-century America is not the model of social mobility we would like to believe. More than in past decades—and more than in parts of Europe—today's Americans stay rich or stay poor, prisoners of their birth rather than agents of their own destiny. Contemporary liberals must argue that this is wrong without being able to show—as their intellectual forerunners could—that it is also dangerous.

But that could change. If the estate tax goes, progressive taxation follows, and social inequities continue to harden, then the danger of social unrest may not always seem as remote as it does today. The liberal challenge is to make sure that day never comes—to protect capitalism once again, not merely from new radicals who might attack it, but from a new Gilded Age right that sings capitalism's praises while eroding the moral foundation that permits it to endure.

PETER BEINART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Again

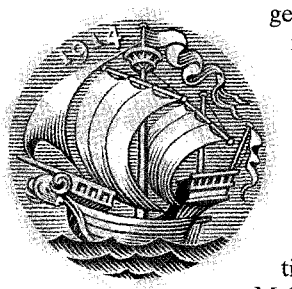
[continued from cover]

Were the 1990s really that long ago? They are remembered now as the halcyon and money-happy interval between the war against Soviet totalitarianism and the war against Islamic totalitarianism, but the truth is that, even in the years immediately following the cold war, history never relented. The '90s were a decade of genocides—unimpeded (Rwanda) and partially impeded (Bosnia) and impeded (Kosovo). The relative success of those genocides was owed generally to the indifference of that chimera known as "the international community," but, more specifically, it was owed to the learning curve of an American president about the moral—and therefore the operational—difference between genocide

and other foreign policy crises. The difference is simple. In the response to most foreign policy crises, the use of military force is properly viewed as a last resort. In the response to genocide, the use of military force is properly viewed as a first resort.

The notion of force as a first resort defies the foundations of diplomacy and also of common sense: A willingness to use hard power abroad must not become a willingness to use it wildly. But if you are not willing to use force against genocide immediately, then you do not understand what genocide is. Genocide is not a crisis that escalates into evil. It is evil from its inception. It may change in degree if it is allowed to proceed, but it does not change in kind. It begins with the worst. Nor is its gravity to be measured quantitatively: The intention to destroy an entire group is present in the destruction of even a small number of people from that group. It makes no sense, therefore, to speak of ending genocide later. If you end it later, you will not have ended it. If Hitler had been stopped after the murder of three million Jews, would he be said to have failed? Four hundred thousand Darfuris have already been murdered by the *Janjaweed*, the Arab *Einsatzgruppen*. If we were to prevent the murder of the 400,001st, will we be said to have succeeded?

This elementary characteristic of genocide—the requirement that the only acceptable response is an immediate and uncompromising response or else we, too, will be complicit in the crime—should have been obvious after the inhumane ditherings, the wrenchingly slow awakenings to conscience, of the '90s; but the discussion of the Darfur genocide in recent years shows that this is not at all obvious. To be sure, there is no silence about Darfur. Quite the contrary. The lamentations about Darfur are everywhere now. There is eloquence, there is protest. Unlikely coalitions are being formed. Movie stars are refusing to be muzzled, and they are standing up and being counted. Even officials and politicians feel that they must have something pained and wrathful to say. These latecomers include the president of the United States.



All of this is to the good, of course. In a democratic and media-maddened society, this right-thinking din is one of the conditions of political action, as domestic pressures are increasingly significant factors in the formulation of U.S. foreign policy. But it makes no sense—and, in this instance, it is a sophisticated form of indecency—to care about a problem without caring about its solution. During the Bosnia crisis, there were many people who cared about the ethnic cleansing and systematic rape of the Bosnian Muslims, but they insisted that it was a European problem with a European solution. They were half right: It was indeed a European problem, classically so. But it was perfectly plain to every honest observer of the genocide that there would be no European solution, and that the insistence upon such a solution amounted to a tender indifference to the problem.

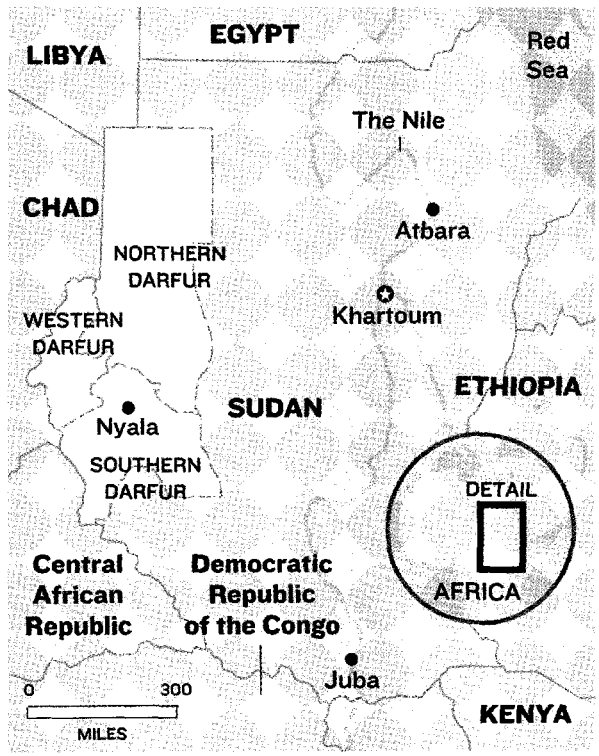
The Darfur variety of the Bosnia hypocrisy is now upon us. We are told that this genocide must be stopped, now, now, never again, all it takes for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing, not on our watch, fight the power, we shall overcome—but stopped by us? Of course not. This is an African problem with an African solution. The African solution comes in two versions. There is the view that Darfur will be rescued from the genocide by the successful resolution of the negotiations taking place in Abuja—or, more precisely, that the people who are perpetrating the evil are the ones to whom we must look for the end of its perpetration. (At the rally on the Mall in Washington last week, Russell Simmons jammed excitedly that the Khartoum government had just accepted a draft of a peace accord. Def, indeed.) This version of the African solution does not even acknowledge the requirement of military force to halt the evil. And there is the version of the African solution that looks to the troops of the African Union to do the job. Nancy Pelosi is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

especially enamored of this remedy. She has boldly proclaimed that AU troops must be "given more mobility" and "freed from the restriction that limits their effectiveness," all in the name of stopping the genocide. It would be nice, wouldn't it? But, so far, the forces of the African Union have had no significant impact on the emergency. To ask them to do the job is to admit that you do not really need the job done.

Then there is the other alibi for Western inaction, the distinguished one: the belief that salvation will come from blue helmets. After the slaughters of the '90s, all of which numbered the fecklessness—and even the cynicism—of the United Nations among their causes, it defies belief that people of goodwill would turn to the United Nations for effective action. The United Nations is not even prepared to call the atrocities in Darfur a genocide. Kofi Annan says all sorts of lofty things, but everybody knows that he is only the humble servant of a notoriously recalcitrant body. Meanwhile the Sudanese regime maneuvers skillfully—what is the Chinese word for oil?—to prevent reprisals of any kind from the Security Council. And even if the United Nations were somehow to recover its ethics and its efficacy, it would take many months—in some estimates, most of a year—before a U.N. force could be deployed. No, they are not losing any sleep in Khartoum over the U.N. option.

There is also the view that this is an African problem with a European solution—but let us come to the heart of the matter. All these proposals for ending the genocide in Darfur are really proposals to prevent the United States from ending it. It appears that there is something even more terrible than genocide in this very terrible world, and it is the further use of American military power abroad. And in a Muslim country! Why, it would make us more unpopular. Remember that in the post–September 11, post–Operation Iraqi Freedom environment, the sensitivities of Muslims—insofar as they can be clearly known and accurately predicted—must not be further offended. Never mind that they themselves give gross offense: This is a genocide committed by Muslims against Muslims that no Muslims are racing to stop. The poor Darfuris: Their plight interferes with the anti-imperialist integrity of liberals in the only country in the world with the power and the authority (yes, still) to help them. The Democrats in Washington are now clamoring for the appointment of a special envoy to Sudan. (No mention so far of Brent Scowcroft.) That is to say, they are searching for reasons to deflect the responsibility of refusing to let crimes against humanity stand. In the matter of genocide, the party of Clinton is still the party of Clinton.



But it is not only, or mainly, the Democrats who impede a U.S.—or a U.S.-led, or a U.S.-NATO—campaign against the killers. This is a Republican era, after all. And the record of the Bush administration on Darfur has been disgraceful (see Marisa Katz, "A Very Long Engagement," page 20). The president has his own uses for all the alibis. He is not inclined to order one more American soldier into action. (But would the camels of the *Janjaweed* pose a tactical challenge to us? Surely all that is required is a little shock and no awe at all.) And there are other disturbing reasons for Bush's tepidity about Darfur. One of them, again, is Sudan's oil, which suddenly confers upon this repulsive state a certain strategic prestige. And there is also the haunting memory of Sudan's previous hospitality to anti-American jihadist terrorism. In the view of the White House, then, an intervention in Darfur may be counter to American interests. So, in this crisis, too, the streets of Washington now run with realism.

All this is grotesque. Sure, interventions are always more complicated than planned (though they are rarely as poorly planned as Iraq, which must not serve as the only model); but not all interventions are quagmires waiting to happen. And the *risks to American values if* we fail to act against genocide are far greater than the risks to American interests if we act against it. Is Iraq now all that the United States needs to know? Will we allow Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo Bay to disqualify us from our moral and historical role in the world? Is idealism in U.S. foreign policy only for fair weather? What is so unconscionable about nation-building anyway? Why will we never get the question of genocide right, when, in some ways, it is the easiest question of all? The discussion of Darfur, even by many people whose outrage is sincere, has become a festival of bad faith. Everybody wants to do everything but what must be done. It is the season of heartless bleeding hearts. ■

PAUL D. RODRIGUEZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Does This Stand For?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Allen's flag fetish. Are, Too

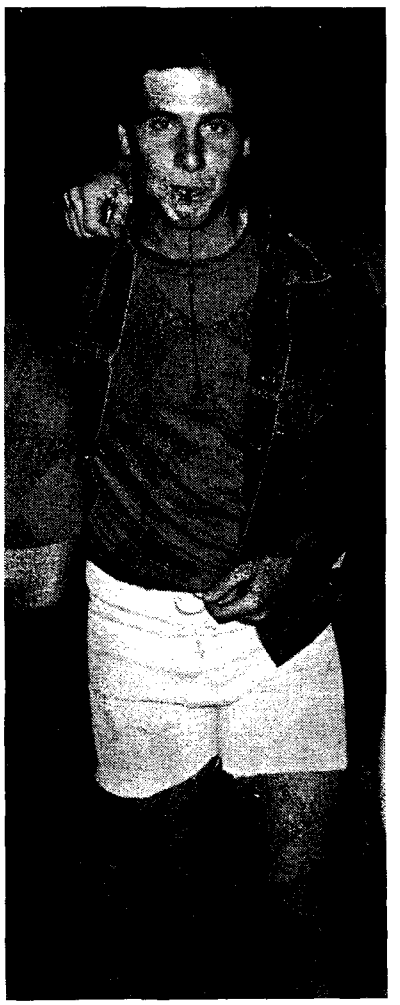
BY RYAN LIZZA

IT'S HARD TO make out, because the video is fuzzy. The copy I obtained was originally recorded off a television using VHS in 1993 and then transferred to a second tape, further degrading the quality. But, once you know what it is, it makes sense. It sits folded on a bookcase of trophies and bric-a-brac behind George Allen, who is seated at a desk in his home office. It's right there next to the fax machine. You can see the red field. You can make out the diagonal blue bar. And you can see what looks like a white star. It is the Confederate flag, and it appears in the very first ad that Allen broadcast in 1993, when he ran for governor.

"The ad ran in the beginning of his campaign, when we were introducing him," says Allen's 1993 media consultant, Greg Stevens, who made the spot. Stevens denies that the flag was purposefully added to the scene, which lasts for ten seconds of the 60-second commercial, to appeal to pro-Confederate voters. "To be honest, this spot helped him enormously, and it had nothing to do with the Confederate flag," Stevens says, adding that any criticism about "a Confederate flag supposedly put there to subtly suggest to people that he is a Confederate" is "horseshit, and you can quote me on that." Allen's communications director, press secretary, and deputy press secretary did not respond to repeated requests for comment for this article.

Images of Allen are like a Civil War version of *Where's Waldo*, with the Confederate flag replacing the bespectacled cartoon character. First, as THE NEW REPUBLIC reported last week, there's the senior class photo from Palos Verdes High School with Allen wearing a Confederate flag pin ("Pin Prick," May 8). Now we learn that the Confederate flag appears as a decoration in Allen's first statewide ad, even though he has long maintained that the flag did not adorn his home after 1992.

Some conservatives have recently argued that the revelations about Allen's high school photo are irrelevant because the picture is so old. "[I]f we're going to scrutinize people's high school records as we vet them for public office, nobody gets to run," columnist Kathleen Parker wrote last week. But, as revealed by the 1993 campaign ad—as well as the accounts of Allen associates now stepping forward—his embrace of the Confederate flag is even more extensive than TNR previously reported. According to his colleagues, classmates, and published reports, Allen has either displayed the flag—on himself, his car, inside his home—or expressed his enthusiastic approval of the emblem from approximately 1967 to 2000.



Thirty years after this UVA Law School photo, more revelations dribble out.

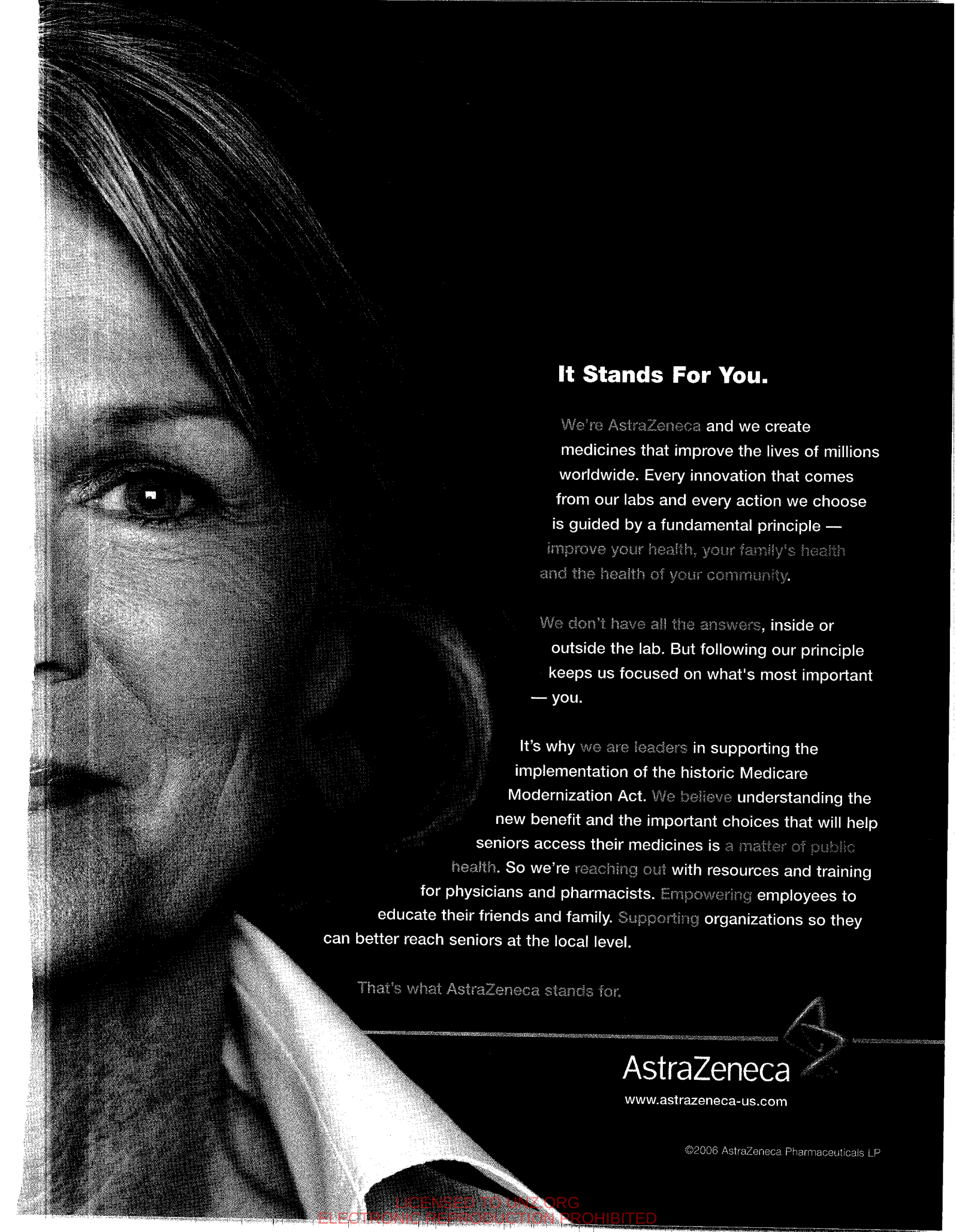
AFTER HIS CONFEDERATE flag pin–wearing days in Palos Verdes, Allen attended the University of Virginia from 1971 to 1977. According to two law school classmates and one undergraduate classmate, Allen displayed the flag on his pickup truck while at UVA. "I can independently confirm," Allen law school classmate Don Cornwell writes in an e-mail, "as can hundreds of my classmates at the UVA Law School, that for the three years that George was there he drove an old pickup truck with notably newer Confederate flags on the bumpers. George and his truck was sort of a running joke in the law school."

According to a little-noticed 1993 *Los Angeles Times* article, Allen also displayed the flag in his room at UVA—a university where it was an explosive issue. According to the school newspaper, one of the hot debates on campus in 1971 was over students displaying the Confederate flag at football games, a spectacle that caused a near–race riot at one game, prompting the school to temporarily ban the flag from all athletic events. It would have been hard for Allen to miss this controversy: He was a quarterback on the football team.

Allen's fetish for Dixie did not wane after UVA. When he was a member of the House of Delegates from 1983 to 1991, Allen was known for his interest in the Confederacy. According to Clint Miller—a Republican who served with Allen in the Virginia House and later ran against him in the gubernatorial primary—while discussing a Civil War battle at a subcommittee meeting, Allen referred to Northerners as "Yankees." A woman agitated by the remark rose and retorted, "Young man, I'll have you know that those people that you referred to as the Yankees—that was the United States Army."

In the '80s, Allen lived in a cabin in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It Stands For You.

We're AstraZeneca and we create medicines that improve the lives of millions worldwide. Every innovation that comes from our labs and every action we choose is guided by a fundamental principle — improve your health, your family's health and the health of your community.

We don't have all the answers, inside or outside the lab. But following our principle keeps us focused on what's most important — you.

It's why we are leaders in supporting the implementation of the historic Medicare Modernization Act. We believe understanding the new benefit and the important choices that will help seniors access their medicines is a matter of public health. So we're reaching out with resources and training for physicians and pharmacists. Empowering employees to educate their friends and family. Supporting organizations so they can better reach seniors at the local level.

That's what AstraZeneca stands for.

AstraZeneca

www.astrazeneca-us.com

©2006 AstraZeneca Pharmaceuticals LP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Earlysville, Virginia, where he famously displayed the Confederate flag in his living room. Allen has long argued that the flag in his cabin was simply part of a collection. "I have flags from many countries, many states," Allen told me in a recent interview. "I have a Betsy Ross flag, the Virginia flag, the Mexican flag, the Portuguese flag, the Canadian flag, and the Confederate flag, and I just collect flags." Now that it is known that Allen displayed the Confederate flag on himself, his cars, and in his homes since the late '60s, the "flag collection" explanation, first peddled the year he ran for governor, seems hollow.

After all, according to his own campaign commercial, Allen seems not to have disavowed the flag so much as simply removed it from his wall and placed it on his bookshelf. And that's not the only evidence of his peculiar views of the Confederacy. In 1995, according to *The Washington Post*, Allen "referred to his neighboring state as 'the counties that call themselves West Virginia,' evoking the old argument that their decision to secede and stay with the Union was illegal." In 1995, 1996, and 1997, Allen issued a proclamation drafted by the Sons of Confederate Veterans celebrating April as Confederate History and Heritage Month. The document made no mention of slavery. His successor, Republican Governor James Gilmore, repudiated Allen's proclamation and wrote a more balanced version that denounced slavery. Under educational guidelines proposed by Allen's administration, which were revised after an uproar, students would have been taught that slaves were "settlers." As recently as 2000, Allen still publicly expressed support for the Confederate flag. A *Post* reporter accompanying Allen at an event in Virginia captured this scene: "When one man at the Pork Festival said to Allen, 'Long live the Confederate flag!' he replied, 'You got it!' "

ON THE RIGHT, a debate is now brewing about what Allen's four-decade embrace of the Confederate flag means for his presidential ambitions. Some are bothered by the revelations. At the influential conservative website Redstate.com, the blogger TheCollegian, who volunteered for Allen in 1993, writes, "George Allen did not simply adopt an affection for the South, but the South at a certain time: a time when it was fighting to keep slavery legal. Even this would be ok if he had some family tie to the region at that time, but he doesn't. I find that to be disturbing."

But there's a second view. It is best expressed to me by Stevens, now a consultant to John McCain. He argues strenuously that I should not write a piece about Allen and the Confederate flag. He says it would be unfair to Allen. But, when I explain Allen's record on the issue, he makes another argument that has nothing to do with fairness, and I figure out why he is so forceful. "Well, you also realize you're getting him votes for the primary, right?" Stevens says, alluding to key states in the South. He raises his voice to a shout: "You're getting him votes! Big time!" ■

Candidacy pays.

Floaters

BY MICHAEL CROWLEY

THE 2008 PRESIDENTIAL campaign is officially underway. On April 18, Mike Gravel, a two-term Democratic senator from Alaska who retired 25 years ago, became the first contender to formally declare his candidacy. Gravel's odds of winning the presidency, much less the Democratic nomination, are almost certainly nil. Yet his announcement won the kind of publicity that most politically irrelevant 75-year-olds can only dream of. Fifty people turned up for his news conference at the Washington Press Club, including reporters for *The Washington Post* and the Associated Press. Gravel was also featured on C-SPAN, the *DrudgeReport*, and Fox's "Hannity & Colmes."

Gravel is running for president to promote his dream of a national ballot scheme that would empower citizens to, say, declare war by referendum. After years of struggling to find an audience for his quirky views, he did the obvious thing—he declared his presidential candidacy. When the *Post*'s Dana Milbank asked Gravel whether this wasn't a shameless publicity ploy, Gravel didn't argue the point. "That's about the size of it," he said.

Gravel reminds us how ludicrously easy it has become to exploit the presidential campaign process for reasons that have nothing to do with being president. It used to be that a politician seeking even semi-serious treatment as a candidate would go numb in the hand on the rubber-chicken circuit, sucking up to local party functionaries in primary states. But, thanks to an explosion of media and the press' absurd obsession with presidential politics, all you have to do is call a press conference, sit back, and field calls from TV bookers—even if the margin of error is the only way you'll even register in the New Hampshire polls. As a result, the early days of presidential campaigns have increasingly become the playthings of second-tier pretenders exploiting easy publicity. As GravelMania reminds us, presidential campaigns are only partly about electing a commander-in-chief.

JUST AS YOU can pretend to throw a ball and a dog will go galloping after it, simply "floating" your name as a presidential candidate is enough to send the press scampering after you. Nowhere is this axiom better appreciated than in the U.S. Senate. After Democratic Senator Chris Dodd of Connecticut halfheartedly mused about the presidency during a 2002 visit to South Carolina, *The Hartford Courant* ran the breathless headline "DODD SEEN AS 'IN PLAY': THE BUZZ IS RISING ABOUT PRESIDENTIAL RUN." Although he never ran, Dodd is again throwing the press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head fakes. Asked by a reporter last month about a 2008 candidacy, he coquettishly remarked, "It's an itch. Could grow. Could disappear." Days later, Connecticut Representative Rosa DeLauro told the *Courant*, "Chris Dodd would make a great president of the United States."

That sort of talk never hurts around the Senate cloakroom, says Democratic strategist Chris Lehane: "There's a huge pecking order within the Senate. And, if you're considered—quote-unquote—presidential timber, you occupy an ever-higher rung on that pecking order." Other master practitioners of this art are Senator Joe Biden and New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson, who some Democrats suspect land their regular TV gigs on the basis of their presidential toe-dipping. Finally, there is Nebraska Republican Senator Chuck Hagel, a long-shot candidate who parlayed talk that he might run into, among other things, a recent cover profile in *The New York Times Magazine*.

Self-aggrandizement from sitting senators is to be expected. More opportunistic are has-been politicians who milk campaign season to rehabilitate their images. A fine case study is the media buzz over former Democratic Senate leader Tom Daschle last November after the South Dakotan spoke at an Iowa Democratic Party dinner. Never mind that Daschle is best remembered for being continuously steamrolled by George W. Bush. Or that, according to *Des Moines Register* columnist David Yepsen, Daschle was chosen only because state party officials didn't want a candidate serious enough to outshine their governor (and possible presidential contender), Tom Vilsack. Or that the biggest booster of a Daschle run is said to be his own longtime strategist, Steve Hildebrand.

But, if Daschle is looking for an easy way to redeem himself, he may be inspired by the example of Dan Quayle, who, in 2000, perfected the art of upgrading one's image through a faux campaign. After less than ten months as a 2000 presidential hopeful, Quayle, the ex-veep forever scarred by the letter "e," miraculously emerged as what *The Weekly Standard* called "the thinking man's candidate." Or maybe Daschle remembers how, in 2004, Gary Hart, while never setting foot on a debate stage, evolved from *Monkey Business* outcast to party wise man.

For sheer audacity, however, perhaps no one will ever match the 2004 "Surreal Life" candidacy of former Illinois Democratic Senator Carol Moseley Braun, who left office accused of a variety of ethical mishaps and what the *Chicago Tribune* called, upon her 1998 retirement, "profound" lapses in judgment. What else was there for her to do, then, but run for president? Of course, "running" was always a figure of speech. Moseley Braun never had a campaign office in Iowa or New Hampshire, and she failed to qualify for the primary ballot in several states. Yet she was onstage for ten primary debates. And, though she contributed nothing of substance to the campaign, her charming demeanor remade her tattered image. "A WORTHY CANDIDATE," editorialized the *Chicago Sun-Times*, which, despite Braun's less than 1 percent showing in the Iowa caucuses, declared her "still a political contender."

But the most ingenious of all is the politician who treats presidential politics as a buck-raking opportunity. One Saturday in January, which just happened to coincide with the publication of his new policy tome, Newt Gingrich hinted to the Associated Press that he was open to a presidential run. The story flew across the Internet, the Sunday talk shows buzzed, and soon Newt's book had shot up to number 20 on the Amazon.com best-seller list. "It never hurts to maximize opportunities," Gingrich conceded to a reporter.

You don't have to explain that to Rudy Giuliani, who, despite having raised little money and hired few political staffers, has happily fanned talk about his White House prospects. But Rudy still acts more like a businessman than a politician. After Giuliani visited Iowa this week, the flurry of coverage barely noted that he'd come there not on a campaign swing but to appear at a "Get Motivated!" seminar hosted by the motivational guru Zig Ziglar. "He, to me, is the most blatant about this," says Chuck Todd, editor of the *Hotline*, a political tip sheet. "If he wasn't a presidential candidate, do you think he'd be as valuable to Zig Ziglar?"

Of course, even Newt and Rudy can't hope to match the commercial genius of Colin Powell's 1996 non–presidential run. In 1995, Powell pondered his intentions for months—especially as he conducted a 23-city tour to support his new biography, *My American Journey*. Only weeks after the tour's conclusion did Powell report that, no, he wouldn't run after all. Powell's supporters (and the more than one million people who shelled out $26.95 to read about a possible future president) may have been disappointed. But Random House marketers were giddy. "It's a publicist's dream," said one to *Maclean's*.

THE DANGER IS that, by using presidential campaigns as celebrity platforms, these smooth operators are trivializing the entire process. Consider the case of 2000 Republican candidate Gary Bauer. Although Bauer was a niche candidate, his motives were serious enough—he ran to combat corporate influence in the GOP and to revitalize the Christian right. But no one cared. Lehane recalls a winter afternoon when Bauer and Al Gore coincidentally crossed paths at a Manchester, New Hampshire, diner. "He had no one traveling with him, no cameras, and he was desperately trying to position himself to shake hands with Gore," Lehane says. "And we had this very elaborate ballet where we were trying to shield Gore." Bauer's own presidential ballet was effectively canceled after he tumbled from a stage during a pancake-flipping photo-op. By contrast, the ridiculous showman Alan Keyes—who had nothing to lose and no real campaign apparatus—body-surfed his way to the end of the primaries and final-round debates with John McCain and George W. Bush. Since the campaign, Bauer has barely been heard from. Keyes, meanwhile, scored his own TV talk show on MSNBC. What's next? "Late Night With Mike Gravel"? ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Genocide deniers.

Words Fail

BY ANDREW B. LOEWENSTEIN

A 30-YEAR-OLD woman squats on the sand outside her tent in eastern Chad's Touloum refugee camp as she tells me about her escape from Darfur. Her family, members of the Zaghawa ethnic group, had been farmers near the town of Kutum in Northern Darfur. She describes how, before fleeing to this desolate place, Sudanese soldiers and *Janjaweed* militias killed her husband and son, then burned her village. She recounts how she fled with other survivors, and how, during her escape, she became separated from three young boys with whom she was traveling. When she found them again, their throats had been cut, their hands chopped off, and their feet sliced from the big toe to the ankle. She saw that their heads had been broken open and their brains removed. Also, their penises had been cut off.

In the summer of 2004, I served on a team of lawyers and other investigators commissioned by the State Department to travel to Chad to interview survivors of the massacres in Darfur. Shortly after we returned—and based on our interviews—Colin Powell made his now-famous declaration that "genocide has been committed in Darfur." But, since then, other key international organizations—Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, and, most importantly, the United Nations—have declined to characterize the atrocities in Darfur as genocide. The U.N.'s decision was particularly significant. Unlike other groups, which merely failed to weigh in on the question, the United Nations affirmatively declared that the Sudanese government had *not* committed genocide. It's not clear what prompted the United Nations to make this excessively cautious pronouncement. It certainly wasn't for lack of evidence.

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 2004, the Security Council passed Resolution 1564, which directed Kofi Annan to establish a Commission of Inquiry on Darfur to determine whether genocide had taken place. To be found culpable for genocide, one must commit certain criminal acts, such as killing or causing serious bodily or mental harm; and—this is the key part—these acts must be committed with the specific intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnic, racial, or religious group. When the Commission reported back several months later, it acknowledged that the government and *Janjaweed* had committed acts enumerated in the 1948 Genocide Convention and thus were likely culpable for war crimes and crimes against humanity. But it also absolved Khartoum of genocide charges. "[T]he crucial element of genocidal intent appears to be missing, at least as far as the central Government authorities are concerned," the group wrote.

Yet the stories survivors told me made clear that Sudan intended to eliminate the targeted groups. One man recounted witnessing *Janjaweed* leader Musa Hilal announce in a village marketplace that the Sudanese government had sent him to "kill all the blacks in this area"—a reference to the region's non-Arab tribes. Hilal, this man recalled, declared that his forces would "give the Arab people freedom" by "clear[ing] the land until the desert"—that is, the populated areas of Darfur. Another refugee, who lived near a *Janjaweed* training camp, explained that she heard the militia being ordered over a loudspeaker to "kill" the "Zaghawa people" of the nine surrounding villages. Still another told how she and six other women were captured by 30 *Janjaweed* who raped and beat them with leather whips. The *Janjaweed*'s intentions were unmistakable, she said: They shouted, invoking a local racial slur, "We must kill the *Nuba*."

Even putting aside the perpetrators' statements, the Commission could have inferred genocidal intent by drawing upon the extensive jurisprudence on genocide generated by the war-crimes trials for the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda. The U.N. Yugoslavia tribunal judged Bosnian-Serb commander Radislav Krstić to have had genocidal intent based, in part, on evidence that his forces killed Bosnian males old enough to bear arms without regard to whether they actually served in the military. That precedent surely applies to Darfur, where young children, particularly boys—and even the unborn—are specifically targeted. Consider a mother who told me that soldiers inspected her seven-day-old infant to determine its sex. Upon discovering it was a boy, one soldier declared the male child had to be killed (but, in a moment of conscience, another soldier prevailed upon him to spare the boy's life). The soldiers' explanation for contemplating infanticide? "We are sent by Omar Al Bashir"—Sudan's president—"to kill you because you are black." Or consider a woman who reported witnessing 15 boys—ranging in age from four to 15—rounded up and summarily executed. Or the many boys thrown into burning huts. Or the pregnant woman whose attackers stripped her clothes and then, using a boot, beat her abdomen to kill her fetus, because, they said, the unborn baby would be the "son of a black man." These are not the hallmarks of counter-insurgency warfare, as the Commission described Sudan's campaign, but of something much more sinister: a calculated program to eliminate entire ethnic groups.

There should be no doubt that Sudan's central government was behind this. The man who told of witnessing Hilal's marketplace speech recounted how the *Janjaweed* leader was accompanied by a uniformed military officer, who instructed the crowd to obey Hilal's commands. Hilal himself has acknowledged he acted on behalf of the governing regime. Ground assaults on villages were invariably preceded by bombardment from the Sudanese air force's fleet of Antonov bombers, MiGs, and helicopter gunships; and survivors almost universally reported to me that their at-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tackers included contingents from both the *Janjaweed*, who rode horses and camels, and the Sudanese military, who arrived in vehicles. As Human Rights Watch has noted, the Khartoum regime and the *Janjaweed* work "hand-in-glove."

Even if the Commission felt it didn't have sufficient evidence of genocidal intent in the capital, it should have stated that it couldn't yet make a determination because of the government's obstruction. The regime certainly provided ample justification for such a finding: For instance, First Vice President Ali Osman Mohammed Taha and Defense Minister Bakri Hassan Salih promised the Commission key documents that never materialized.

THE COMMISSION'S FAILURE to call genocide by its name is not just an academic quibble over legal nomenclature. By absolving Sudan of this crime, it released the international community from its responsibility under the Genocide Convention to "prevent" this "odious scourge." Moreover, Sudan, which received an advance copy of the report, seized the opportunity to trumpet the no-genocide finding to the press. Subsequent headlines represented an enormous propaganda victory for the regime: "UN RULES OUT GENOCIDE IN DARFUR" (BBC); "UN REPORT: DARFUR NOT GENOCIDE" (CNN); "SUDAN KILLINGS IN DARFUR NOT GENOCIDE, SAYS UN REPORT" (*The Financial Times*); and so on.

I interviewed only one Zaghawa man who had been captured and yet survived. He explained how his camouflage-wearing captors had wanted to kill him and how, when objections were raised, they took him to their leader, who decided to spare his life—an act that, in the leader's words, contradicted his "orders" from the "Sudanese government." In Darfur, this man's exception proves the genocidal rule. ■

Andrew B. Loewenstein, a Boston-based international lawyer, served on the Atrocities Documentation Team commissioned by the State Department to interview Darfur refugees in eastern Chad.

The Trial

BY MUDAWI IBRAHIM ADAM

KHARTOUM, SUDAN

I am a human rights advocate in a country where human rights are in short supply. Several years ago, though I am also an engineer, I co-founded a volunteer group called the Sudan Social Development Organization, which monitors atrocities by my government, including those committed in Darfur. Naturally, this line of work lands me in trouble with some regularity. Actually, "trouble" is a euphemism. Not long ago, I was detained without access to legal counsel. Thanks to international pressure, I was released without having to stand trial. But my 38-day ordeal is emblematic of what happens to activists who anger the government.

ON JANUARY 24, 2005, on the federal government's orders, I was roused from my bed at 2:00 a.m. by eight men from the security service and taken to a series of jails. Three days later, I arrived at a prison in Khartoum—320 miles from my home village of Kondowa—known as Abu Ghraib (after Iraq's infamous jail). During this time, I was blindfolded, stripped of my possessions, and moved between several cells until my captors settled on one with a roof fan that, when activated, sounded more like a garbage disposal than a coolant. It had one window (that I could not open) and a sponge mattress. My door opened thrice daily so I could use the toilet, and two men with Kalashnikovs were stationed outside. I was alone.

After ten days without so much as a writ of habeas corpus, I embarked on a hunger strike. Six days into my strike, the government sent an investigator to grill me about an acquaintance who had visited my village (and who had been arrested with me), my membership in a political party, and my friendship with human rights workers and foreigners. He didn't charge me with anything, though he did inquire about crimes I was "planning to commit."

It wasn't much, but I'd at least spoken with someone from the government, so I ended my hunger strike. My guards brought me a cup of black tea and a loaf of bread, but, having eaten nothing for so long, they induced vomiting and diarrhea. When I woke up the next day, I had a hard time swallowing. I requested milk or any other soft food and even offered the guards money for it; they assented, but nothing materialized. I wasn't yet tough enough to eat the meals they kept bringing me, so I threw them out except for the bread, which I soaked in water and then wrung through my turban, using it as a filter. Then I could drink the filtered fluid. I began to gain strength.

But, eight days after my conversation with the investigator, I still hadn't been charged. So I renewed my hunger strike, demanding to be charged or released. This did not please the officer in charge of Abu Ghraib, who told my guards that they would need to prepare my bedsheet for use as my burial shroud.

Three days later, I was summoned before a three-member panel that asked me about my tribal affiliations. The next day, a man arrived who identified himself as responsible for detention sites. He pressed me to end my hunger strike, saying, "The message has been received." When I refused, I was allowed to visit a lower-security prison, where I saw my family members, who were shocked by my frailty. I demanded medical care (by this point, I had lost 22 pounds and was vomiting blood; I was in liver and renal failure). Instead, I was returned to Abu Ghraib. The next day, at long last, I was moved to a hospital, where physicians installed an IV drip and began to stabilize me.

Three of my brothers visited me in the hospital to convey appeals from my family to end the hunger strike. I said I would. Then I was moved back to the lower-security prison for two days and sent to the prosecutor's office, where I was finally charged under Article 133 of the Sudanese Penal Code. The charge? Attempting to kill myself by starvation. ■

Mudawi Ibrahim Adam is chairman of the Sudan Social Development Organization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why the movement needs help.

The Void

BY SAMANTHA POWER

IN LATE APRIL 1994, as the machete-wielding *génocidaires* commenced their fourth week of extermination in Rwanda, Representative Patricia Schroeder was asked why the United States was not doing more. "There are some groups terribly concerned about the gorillas," she said. But, while advocates could mobilize a domestic clamor around an endangered species, endangered humans were a harder sell. "It sounds terrible," she added, but "people just don't know what can be done about the people."

Flash forward twelve years to the National Mall last Sunday in Washington, D.C. In an unprecedented U.S. rally against genocide, tens of thousands of people (including me) turned out to demand that the president do more. Sudanese refugees could not believe their eyes as they saw a sea of all races, religions, and ethnic origins wearing T-shirts that read, INSTEAD OF MOURNING A GENOCIDE, STOP ONE and holding placards that read, NOT ON OUR WATCH (an adaptation of the "Not on my watch" that President Bush scribbled on a memo on the Clinton administration's failure to help Rwanda). Though the rally lasted nearly four hours and the speakers were of varying quality, protesters stayed fixated on the stage, eager to cheer, boo, or chant at the slightest prompt.

If the pattern of the twentieth century was that the American public abetted official indifference to genocide by not speaking out, here was that pattern defied. Over the last three years, in response to the slaughter of more than 400,000 Darfuris, an American anti-genocide movement has taken form. Although the Bush administration has not done nearly enough to respond, it is thanks to this movement that the United States has done more than any other country.

But, sadly—with U.S. military assets stretched to their breaking point, U.S. political capital dwindling, and U.S. capacity for moral leadership at its lowest point in history—the United States cannot stop this genocide without the help of others. And the countries that have the troops, political pull, and legitimacy to enter Darfur to halt the violence seem largely indifferent. They are under scant domestic pressure, and they are suspicious of Bush's motives for speaking out. Even if the administration responds to the noise it has heard, should the rest of the world remain out of touch, the people of Darfur will remain out of luck.

THE NASCENT ANTI-GENOCIDE movement already has made its presence felt. Fueled by the advocacy of human rights groups, Nicholas Kristof of *The New York Times*, Ruth Messinger of the American Jewish World Service, John Prendergast of the International Crisis Group, and Eric Reeves of Smith College, college students, who were in elementary school during the Rwandan genocide, began to mobilize in 2004. In October 2005, when Senator Richard Lugar, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was slow to send to the full Senate a bill that urged the tightening of U.S. penalties against Sudan, the student-founded Genocide Intervention Network identified Lugar's top 200 donors. Then, Georgetown and George Washington students phoned the donors to ask them to convince Lugar to move the bill along. Two weeks later, Lugar introduced the legislation to the full Senate, where it passed easily.

Since Americans hold an estimated $91 billion of stocks in foreign companies doing business in Sudan, students have also launched divestment drives modeled on the anti-apartheid efforts of the 1980s. In late 2004, Harvard roommates Manav Bhatnagar and Ben Collins started a successful campaign to convince the Harvard Corporation to divest the university holdings of $3.6 million in PetroChina oil company stocks. In Harvard's wake, eleven universities, including the mammoth University of California, followed suit, prohibiting holdings in such companies as ONGC (India), Petronas (Malaysia), Alcatel (France), ABB (Switzerland), and Siemens (Germany). And the student effort has expanded into a more broad-based one. New Jersey, Illinois, Oregon, and Maine have passed legislation to strip their public pension funds of tainted stocks. Similar legislation is pending in at least a dozen other states.

The citizen activism has not gotten the Bush administration to treat Darfur with the urgency that genocide warrants, but it has generated political results. Congress is poised to increase funding for the African Union (AU) protection force. The administration, for its part, acquiesced to the referral of Sudan's atrocities to the International Criminal Court, got the U.N. Security Council to impose asset freezes and travel bans on a few perpetrators, deployed Deputy Secretary of State Robert Zoellick to the region five times to gerrymander a peace deal, and—most recently and most crucially—pressed for the absorption of the 7,000-person AU monitoring mission into a better-equipped, more mobile 20,000-person U.N. protection force backed by NATO. Darfuris would benefit enormously from such a force, but, now that the administration is finally taking Darfur seriously, it needs to undertake multilateral diplomacy, which has never been its strong suit.

Thanks to the war in Iraq, sending a sizable U.S. force to Darfur is not an option. Units in Iraq are already on their third tours, and the crumbling Afghan peace demands evermore resources. Moreover, sending Americans into another Islamic country is unadvisable, given the ease with which jihadis could pour across Sudan's porous and expansive borders. Making Darfur a magnet for foreign fighters or yet another front in the global proxy war between the United States

---

Samantha Power is the author of "A PROBLEM FROM HELL": AMERICA AND THE AGE OF GENOCIDE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SILENCE
IS NOT AN OPTION.

Image courtesy of Christian Solidarity International

100,000+ murdered in Sudan

SudanActivism.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Al Qaeda would just compound the refugees' woes.

The key to protecting Darfur is for the United States to mobilize a united front—including Russia, and China—to force Khartoum to allow the deployment of a far larger U.N. force. But U.S. conduct in combating terrorism has drastically reduced America's ability to make the moral case. And other countries don't seem very interested in civilian protection. In March, after Bush finally issued a public call for the African Union to be replaced by a U.N. successor force, African leaders felt they were being condescended to and revolted, deciding merely to extend the AU's mandate.

Even if Khartoum were to admit non-African forces, getting NATO and the United Nations to move requires getting the states that constitute them to move—and states generally avoid sending their troops to dangerous places unless they get riches, oil, bases, or enhanced security in return. Western countries have largely washed their hands of peacekeeping in the last decade. Canada, which considers itself the "father of U.N. peacekeeping," deployed nearly 3,000 blue helmets in 1994, but it has just 169 troops active in U.N. missions today. Denmark contributed approximately 1,300 peacekeepers in 1994 but fields just 71 today. Soon after Bush urged NATO involvement in Darfur, Jaap de Hoop Scheffer, the head of NATO, spoke as much to the mood in Europe as he did to that in Africa when he told PBS that Africans "feel very strongly [that they] should be responsible for events on their own continent."

Because European powers have opted out of peacekeeping, the leading contributors to U.N. missions—Bangladesh, Pakistan, India, Jordan—are overstretched. Many are also spooked by Sudanese lobbying, which, in the words of one senior U.N. official, has taken the form of, "If you like Iraq, you'll love Darfur!" There is thus a colossal void on the international stage, where all states hail the universal "responsibility to protect," but none are eager to exercise it.

SUNDAY'S RALLY, AND the anti-genocide movement it embodies, is essential. Without it, the Bush administration would reflexively focus on Iraq, Iran, and North Korea and leave Darfur to be managed by its in-house humanitarians. U.S. pressure—applied at a far higher level and in a far more sustained manner—has made a profound difference with Khartoum in the past, leading it to expel Osama bin Laden and to make essential compromises with rebels in the South. But, at this juncture, U.S. pressure is not sufficient to do the job, and other countries must be brought around. And, for that to happen, the burgeoning endangered people's movement must spread beyond U.S. shores.

Walking away from the rally in Washington, a British friend of mine shook his head and said, "You'll never hear me say this again, but today made me want my kids to grow up American." When I asked why, he said, "What happened today could never, ever happen in Europe." Europeans fond of denouncing both the Rwandan genocide and American imperialism had better prove him wrong. ■

The future of Darfur.

Next Casualty

BY ERIC REEVES

FOR SUAD ABDALAZIZ, prospects are bleak. A Zaghawa from the Tawilla area of Northern Darfur, Suad was raped repeatedly by three *Janjaweed* militiamen in February 2004. The *Janjaweed* were ferociously active that month in the Tawilla region; in a single assault, led by the notorious Musa Hilal, they burned to the ground more than 30 villages, killing more than 200 people and raping more than 200 girls and women—some by up to 14 assailants and in front of their fathers, who were later killed. The men who raped Suad told her, "We want to change the color of your children." And they did: Nine months later, she bore a daughter. Now she is unlikely to get married, because, as she put it, "I have lost my honor."

Suad was living in the Abu Shouk camp for displaced persons in Darfur when she told her story to a reporter from Knight Ridder in November 2004. Eighteen months later, the Darfur genocide shows no signs of abating, and Abu Shouk remains a makeshift home for many of the survivors of the Tawilla attacks. Throughout Darfur and in Chad, many have died in these camps over the last three years, so it is possible that Suad is no longer alive. But if she is, we might ask: What will her future—and the future of the more than two million internally displaced persons and international refugees who have been chased from their towns by Arab militias and remain trapped in squalid camps—look like? What will become of their homeland, Darfur, where about six million people lived before the massacres began in 2003? It is impossible to answer these questions definitively. But it is not too soon to ask.

TO UNDERSTAND WHERE Darfur might be headed, you first have to understand what the area was like before the Sudanese government unleashed *Janjaweed* militias on the region's African tribal populations in early 2003. Darfur has long been the home of Arab nomads—who, in recent decades, have been favored by the Arab supremacist National Islamic Front (NIF) regime—and African tribal groups (the Fur, Masalit, Zaghawa, and others). Most members of these African groups were sedentary agriculturalists: They grew millet, sorghum, and groundnuts; the accumulation of livestock was the main means of preserving wealth. Darfuris were devout, but family and tribe were the essential social elements, and there was little need for Khartoum's vehement version of *sharia*. Educational

Eric Reeves, a professor of English language and literature at Smith College, has written extensively on Sudan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opportunities were limited, as were medical resources. And yet, in a harsh, arid climate, Darfur's residents carved out for themselves a remarkably rich and resilient life.

The social fabric of Darfur—the generations of understanding and relatively stable co-existence between African farmers and Arab nomads—began to fray decades ago; but, in 2003, things took a sharp turn for the worse when Khartoum arrived at a ruthless strategy for fighting two Darfuri rebel groups. In order to defeat the insurgents and to ensure that they would not serve as an example to Sudan's other marginalized populations, Khartoum and its *Janjaweed* proxies relentlessly attacked the villages of the African tribal groups to which the insurgents belonged.

The attacks were comprehensive and revealed a rich understanding of what was most likely to destroy the future ability of African groups to live in Darfur. Irrigation systems were destroyed; water wells were poisoned with human and animal corpses; pottery vessels were broken to make carrying water impossible; foodstocks were annihilated; cattle were killed or looted; fruit trees were cut down or burned; agricultural tools were smashed; mosques and Korans were desecrated; buildings were torched. And, of course, people were displaced, raped, and killed. Estimates of how many have died vary, but my calculations place the number well over 400,000. Many of the survivors now live in camps for refugees and internally displaced persons, both in eastern Chad and Darfur. Separated from their livelihoods, they are wholly dependent for survival on humanitarian organizations (which are forever on the brink of having to leave for lack of money, lack of security, or both). They arrived in the camps with nothing, and they have nothing to go back to.

WHAT DOES THE future hold for these people? In the short term, the coming rainy season—from June through September—could be the period of greatest human destruction to date. This is the traditional "hunger gap," the months between spring planting and fall harvest. It is also the time when water-borne diseases pose the greatest threat in crowded camps filled with weakened people. (And it won't help that the United Nations halved refugees' food supplies last week.)

It is in the long term, however, that the genocide's perpetrators will have their true victory: They have not only killed individuals, but also destroyed an entire way of life. Attackers have targeted men and boys; this will make it particularly difficult for traditionally male-led farming communities to reconstitute themselves. Moreover, children who come of age during the genocide will not have learned the agricultural skills necessary for survival in this unforgiving land. As a result, agricultural life in Darfur will be seriously compromised for the foreseeable future.

And, if those communities cannot reconstitute themselves, even after the killing has ended—then what? Boys, seething with anger at what they have suffered, are ripe for recruitment into Darfur's insurgency movements. Others have already begun to drift toward urban areas, either in Darfur or in neighboring Kordofan Province, or even farther east toward Khartoum. There, these children, with few useful skills and little education, will find themselves part of an enormous population of underemployed workers. Poverty has created what is, for Darfur, an entirely uncharacteristic problem: prostitution. Already, crime and warlordism are endemic, as Darfuris seek new ways to make a living.

All evidence of the last half-century grimly suggests that, the longer people remain in camps for refugees or displaced persons, the more likely it is they will never leave. Money for humanitarian groups is short; donor fatigue has set in. Poverty, malnutrition, disease—these are likely to be the defining features of life in the camps. A decade from now, the larger camps will almost certainly still exist in some form. They will likely become ghastly suburbs; this, at any rate, is what happened to the camps around Khartoum, where hundreds of thousands of southern Sudanese—displaced by decades of civil war—have more or less given up on the chance of returning to their homes. It will be a long time before life in Darfur returns to normal—if it ever does.

AND YET, THE fact that there will be no good outcomes for Darfur does not absolve the West of the obligation to seek *better* outcomes—to try, however belatedly, to mitigate the damage already done. The tasks are twofold: to create security in the region by disarming the murderous *Janjaweed* and to open the political space necessary for reconciliation by keeping the troops—and, just as importantly, the influence—of Sudan's central government at bay.

This does not mean Darfur would become an independent nation. It simply means that Western troops must create enough security on the ground for Darfuris to begin returning to their villages; for humanitarian groups to operate freely, since it will be a long time before substantial agricultural production resumes; and for Arab and African tribal leaders to reassert their traditional authority, free from the NIF's destructive meddling. This last step is imperative for a number of reasons: First, many hundreds of millions of dollars in generational wealth have been destroyed in the genocide, and, while Khartoum must provide the lion's share of the money, it should be divided up by local arbitrators. Second, while the genocide's masterminds should be tried at the International Criminal Court, justice for many of the lesser criminals could conceivably play out at the local level, as it has in Rwanda. Finally, land use, a source of ethnic tension for generations, must be negotiated locally in a way that addresses the grievances of Arab tribal groups prominent in the *Janjaweed*.

None of this, however, can happen without security, which only Western troops can provide. The future of Darfur is bleak, but it can grow bleaker still. We could limit the damage, yet, so far, we have chosen inaction. And so it is not only Suad Abdalaziz who has lost her honor. For sitting by as Darfur burned, we have lost ours as well. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bush channels Neville Chamberlain.

A Very Long Engagement

BY MARISA KATZ

COLIN POWELL CUT an odd figure as the potential savior of Darfur. The man who ran U.S. foreign policy when the Sudanese government and *Janjaweed* militia began their assault on farming tribes in western Sudan had never shown the least interest in using U.S. diplomatic power—to say nothing of its military might—to halt genocide. In fact, he had made a career of speaking of humanitarian missions with contempt. Faced with the Balkan slaughters of the early '90s, the then-chairman of the Joint Chiefs opined, "No American president could defend to the American people the heavy sacrifice of lives it would cost to resolve this baffling conflict."

But 2004 was a special year. It was the tenth anniversary of the Rwandan genocide, when 800,000 people had been killed in a matter of months because of their tribal affiliation, and political pressure on the Bush administration to say something about Darfur was significant. Of course, what exactly to say was another matter. Not once in the 56 years since it was officially banned by international law had any government accused another of genocide. Even during Rwanda, the Clinton administration had avoided formally invoking the G-word—in part out of fear that doing so might have compelled intervention. A Pentagon memo on Rwanda dated May 1, 1994, warned: "Be Careful. Legal at State was worried about this yesterday—Genocide finding could commit [the U.S. government] to actually 'do something.'"

Nevertheless, when Powell appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in September 2004, it seemed, for a brief moment, that the holocausts of the '90s—the hard lessons of Bosnia and Rwanda—had transformed the man and his country. Reading carefully from a short stack of papers, Powell declared, "We concluded—I concluded—that genocide has been committed in Darfur and that the government of Sudan and the *Janjaweed* bear responsibility, and that genocide may still be occurring." It seemed help would soon be on its way to the dying people of Darfur. Alas, almost as quickly as the never-again spirit of Elie Wiesel entered Colin Powell, it departed. "No new action is dictated by this determination," Powell concluded. There, in a heartbreaking flash, he both broke the taboo on "genocide" and deprived the word of its moral power.

The United States has not entirely ignored the suffering in Darfur. Over three years of genocide, our government has sent close to $800 million in humanitarian aid to refugees, given a modicum of support to African Union (AU) peacekeepers, and occasionally pushed—though not necessarily enforced—punitive resolutions at the United Nations. By the standards of the international community, this counts as a robust response.

But, by any serious moral standard, it does not. The sad fact is that the Bush administration has had opportunity after opportunity to crack down on the Sudanese government and stanch the genocide. Instead, it has chosen a path of "constructive engagement" that has permitted the slaughter of hundreds of thousands. If we failed to intervene in tiny, impoverished Rwanda because no strategic interests were at stake, Sudan now has the opposite problem. It is the largest country in Africa, with extensive oil reserves and a history of support for terrorism, making it inherently important. Unfortunately, our interests there "cut on the side of not offending the regime in Khartoum," according to Donald Steinberg, a senior State Department official under Powell. The administration treated the Darfur genocide not as an outrage, but as just another part of its strategic calculus. As a result, it shied away from sanctioning Sudanese officials, upgraded Sudan's counterterrorism cooperation and human rights standing, and even flew one of the genocide's architects to Washington in a private jet. When history judges the Bush administration's policy on Darfur, it will summarize it in one word: appeasement.

IN OCTOBER 2003, Powell traveled to Kenya to deliver a pep talk to Sudanese government officials and rebels from the Sudan People's Liberation Movement (SPLM), who, at long last, appeared to be nearing a peace agreement. For 20 years, the government in the Muslim North had been at war with the Christian and animist South. Represented by the SPLM, the Southerners complained of political and economic marginalization by Khartoum and the imposition of *sharia* law. In 2001, the Bush administration had taken over mediation of the peace talks, using the prospect of normalized relations with the United States as a motivator for the long-sanctioned Sudanese government. As Powell landed in Kenya, which had been hosting the negotiations since 1993, it seemed that years of diplomacy might finally produce peace. "There's a lot of work ahead, but, frankly, we're getting closer," he said. "Now that we've come this far, let's finish it, let's kick it in, let's throw it into high gear."

But, as peace neared in one part of Sudan, another was plunging into violence. Just a week after Powell's visit, Andrew Natsios, head of the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID), made a separate trip to Sudan, during which he spent two days in Darfur. Natsios, a former Massa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chusetts politician with a full moustache and a less-than-full head of hair, had spent time in Sudan before, as a USAID official under George H.W. Bush. Still, on this trip, he recalls: "I was sort of stunned by what I found." When the 100-degree heat cooled with the setting sun, Natsios joined the governor of Northern Darfur on the lawn of his residence for a Ramadan feast under the stars. During a meal of figs, nuts, lamb, and goat, he met various members of Darfuri civil society. And every one of them—the women in vibrant dress, the men in thin white robes—spoke about attacks by the *Janjaweed* militias. "I had never heard of the *Janjaweed* before," Natsios says. "But it was very clear [they] were upset about this."

American officials say it took some time to fully grasp what was going on in Darfur—the scale, the ethnic dimension, the Sudanese government's orchestrating role. In early 2003, two rebel groups from ethnically African tribes had emerged in Darfur, complaining that their region had been marginalized by the government in Khartoum. Their grievances were similar to the South's, although, here, all parties were Muslim. After the rebels attacked a military airfield in April, Khartoum fought back, targeting rebels and their tribesmen alike. Manipulating local resource conflicts between African farmers and Arab herders, the government was able to recruit the nomadic *Janjaweed* as its henchmen in what became a massive and brutal campaign to stamp out the Fur, Masalit, and Zaghawa tribes.

In the fall of 2003, however, much of this was hazy, and its effect on U.S. policy was limited to a talking point in meetings with Khartoum. But, by December, U.N. Emergency Relief Coordinator Jan Egeland was calling the humanitarian situation in Darfur "one of the worst in the world." It was clear the U.S. government would have to make a choice: push ahead on the North-South peace talks in Naivasha, Kenya, or push for an end to the violence in Darfur. "The tension that would arise," explains one former government official, "would be, 'How can one engage the government in the North, in some way, given the atrocities in Darfur? Yet, at the same time, if one doesn't engage them ... the peace process in the South potentially falls apart.' "

Making sure that the North-South process didn't collapse was politically important to the Bush administration. The conflict was that rare African crisis that actually had a domestic constituency: American evangelicals, who were outraged by Khartoum's treatment of Sudan's Christian community. Indeed, among evangelicals, traveling to Sudan to witness the persecution of Christians and deliver relief became a sign of discipleship. And, at home, a grassroots group—including an alliance of churches in Bush's hometown of Midland, Texas—formed to lobby on behalf of the South. That group included Franklin Graham, son of the Reverend Billy Graham and president of the Christian relief organization Samaritan's Purse, who secured a promise from Bush in 2000 that he would do something about Sudan if elected president. And, once in the White House, he did. In 2001, Bush appointed Episcopal minister and former Senator John Danforth as his special envoy for peace. And the administration began to look forward to the end of Sudan's civil war as a prize it could win for its Christian base.

Combined with an understandable desire not to imperil the conclusion of one of Africa's longest-running conflicts, this political impulse led American policymakers to decide in early 2004 that they would try to finish the North-South deal before turning to Darfur—even if it meant ignoring a genocide. Their rationalization went like this: The North-South agreement was grounded in core principles about sharing power and wealth that Darfuris could then use as the foundation for a peace agreement of their own. The North-South agreement would also dilute the extremist regime in Khartoum by integrating Southerners into the national government and creating a new order more sympathetic to Darfuri concerns. Lastly, the agreement called for democratic elections in 2009, which would give President Omar Al Bashir and his National Congress Party an incentive to promote peace and prosperity in the whole country.

This approach served the administration's political interests, but it was a fatal miscalculation—"a way to interpret the status quo positively," as Gayle Smith, an Africa specialist at the Center for American Progress and onetime director of African affairs at the National Security Council (NSC), puts it. For one thing, the agreement was very specific about the division of power and resources between the North and South. To subsequently incorporate other parties and regions would require difficult renegotiation. For another, even if more Southerners joined the government, it was not at all clear that they would be able to quell the violence in Darfur. Many of the same ruthless figures—like Bashir, who had taken power in a 1989 military coup—would still be in charge. Finally, while a gradual transformation might be the most effective way to transition from dictatorship to representative democracy, it does little good during a genocidal emergency, when each day of delay equals another day of death.

DARFUR COULDN'T WAIT for such roundabout assistance, and, throughout the spring and summer of 2004, the genocide became increasingly hard to ignore. Within the U.S. government, Natsios and his deputy, Roger Winter, were pushing hardest for Darfur. In April, Natsios dispatched a Disaster Assistance Response Team to assess the situation and facilitate the delivery of aid. He commissioned commercial satellite photographs to capture before-and-after images of villages that were being destroyed. And he launched a scientific study to project mortality rates. On June 3, at a U.N. meeting in Geneva, he went public with the results of that study, warning that 300,000 to one million people could die. His efforts were most effective in prompting a response to the humanitarian aspect of the crisis. USAID was authorized to deliver food, and, when the Sudanese government obstructed access, playing games with visas and blocking convoy routes,

continued on page 24

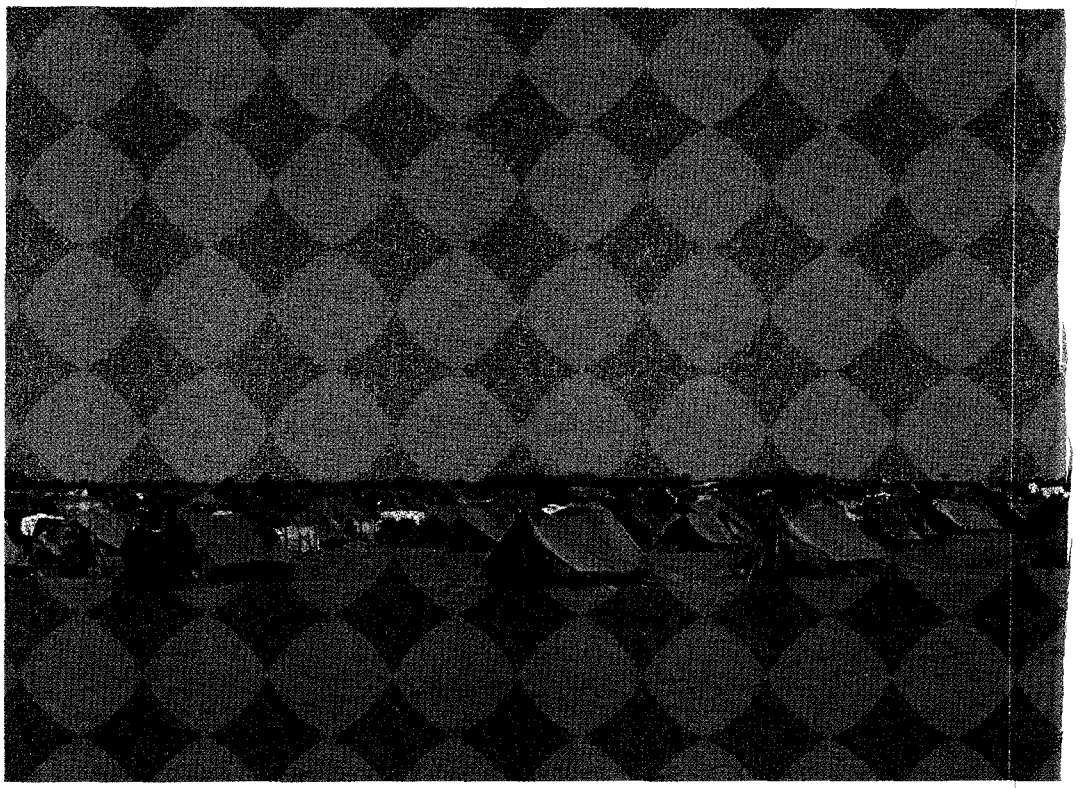
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am writing this from Jerusalem on Yom Hashoah, Holocaust Memorial Day. It is not only a day for remembrance, but also a day for introspection—a time to examine our own behaviors and to ask whether the world we have created adequately honors the memories of genocide's victims.

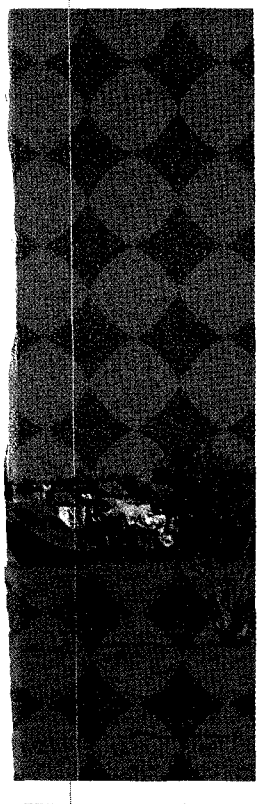
In September 2004, I traveled to a location in eastern Chad called Bahai, on the perimeter of Darfur's unfolding genocide, where about 18,000 survivors had gathered in a refugee camp. What struck me most about the camp was the degree of emptiness that loomed over the place: literal emptiness, yes, in that the land was bare and the residents' tents contained very little (only essential cooking utensils and mats for sleeping); but also another kind of emptiness—a sense that the lives of the camp's residents had been rendered partially empty by the crimes occurring in their homeland. Here, the refugees had lost power over their own destinies and were forced into complete dependency. They were given rations of grain, beans, and oil. For water, they had to go to distribution centers. Their futures were uncertain and, in any event, almost completely outside their control.

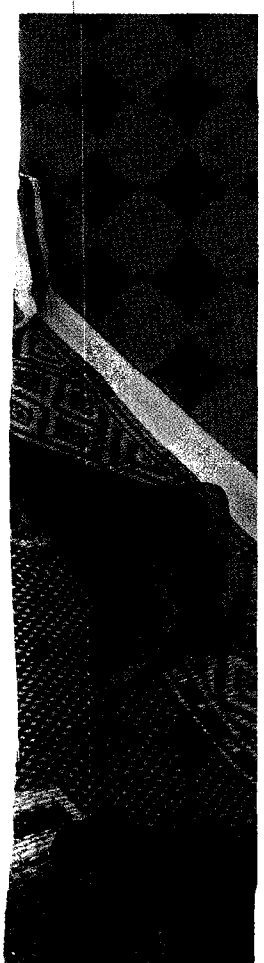
And yet they carried themselves with dignity all the same: men dressed in white, women in colored fabrics, children adorned with beads. The ease with which I could photograph these individuals made me uncomfortable. How could my camera do them justice? I photographed both in color and in black-and-white film. Initially, when I studied the photos, my color prints seemed not to befit the subject matter. But then I reconsidered. The Holocaust occurred in color, and now the death of Darfur occurs in color as well. The beauty of the physical setting, of the clothing, of the textiles, only amplifies the contrast and contradiction between nature and human nature—between the peace of the earth and the deeds of the men and women who inhabit it.

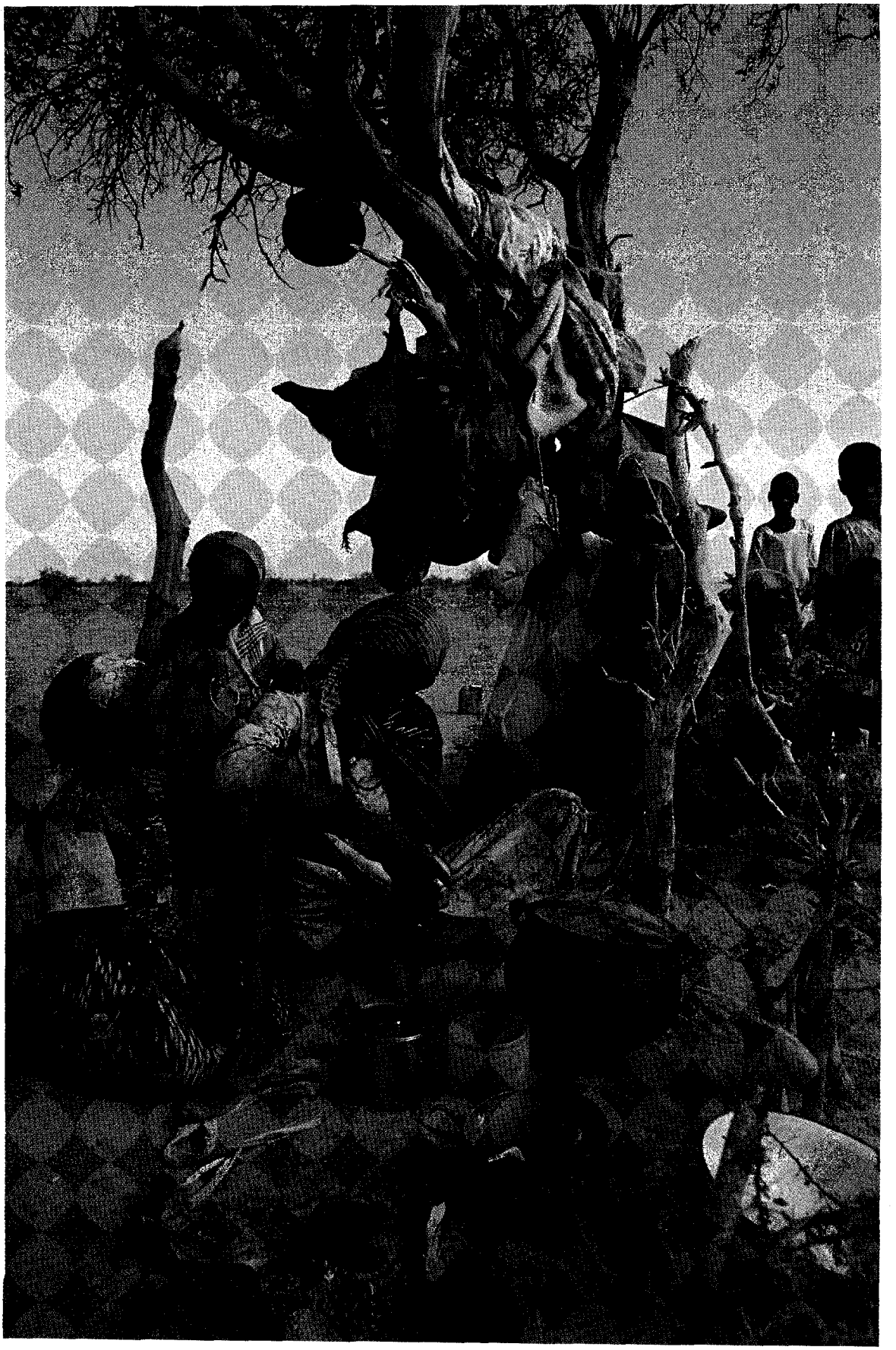
MICHAL RONNEN SAFDIE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bush and Powell conveyed their displeasure to Bashir and Vice President Ali Osman Mohammed Taha.

The tenth anniversary of the Rwandan genocide in April 2004 also focused public attention. It was difficult to talk about Rwanda without also mentioning Darfur, and so, on April 7, Bush released his first statement on the atrocities, declaring, "The government of Sudan must not remain complicit in the brutalization of Darfur." Later that spring, in a phone call with *The New York Times*, Powell said that the administration was considering declaring the atrocities in Darfur genocide. And a State Department spokesman confirmed that a genocide finding "would trigger, at a minimum, the need ... to hold those responsible accountable." Yet making such a finding took months. And, in the end, Powell dashed any hopes of more concerted action, telling the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "We have been doing everything we can to get the Sudanese government to act responsibly."

That wasn't true. In fact, in 2004, the Bush administration missed several opportunities to take on a more active and effective role in ending the violence. In late summer, representatives of the Sudanese government and Darfur rebels began peace talks in Abuja, Nigeria. But, in contrast to the North-South negotiations in Naivasha, where the United States was the dealmaker, this time Washington decided to stay on the sidelines and let Nigerian President Olusegun Obasanjo and the African Union mediate. "They were trying to establish their peacekeeping abilities," one senior American official explains. "They were very sensitive about us having been the ones at Naivasha." Within the State Department, some policymakers argued that the African Union didn't have the leverage to make the negotiations work. The United States didn't have to take credit, they said, but it needed to be the one doling out sticks and carrots behind the scenes. Ultimately, though, the sensitivities of the African Union won out over the needs of Darfur.

There was similar talk about "African solutions for African problems" in the context of a peacekeeping force. The African Union, established in 2002 to replace the failed Organization of African Unity, had only intervened militarily in one other conflict, and Darfur was framed as an opportunity for Africa to prove it could police itself. AU troops were more acceptable to Sudanese officials—in no small part because Khartoum knew the young AU would be less effective than Western troops. Even so, that summer Sudan would only allow a force of unarmed observers charged with monitoring a meaningless cease-fire and a 300-strong "protection force" permitted to protect observers but not civilians. Meanwhile, the World Health Organization estimated that between 6,000 and 10,000 Darfuris were dying each month.

The United States eventually did support the African Union in bumping up troop numbers, pressuring the Sudanese government to agree to 2,000 troops that fall and 7,000 the following spring. But that is still far below the 20,000 troops the United Nations estimates are needed. Moreover, the African Union never got the backing it sought for a "full-fledged peacekeeping mission." As far as the United States was concerned, a stronger mandate would require more resources, and, given our commitments in Iraq and Afghanistan, those were resources the Defense Department was reluctant to give. "There was almost a sense of wishful thinking that the African Union can fix things by deploying troops," concedes the former American official. "There was absolutely no way that that level of presence really could have made a difference on the ground, given the number of displaced people, the size of the area, the violence that was taking place. And all of us at that stage should have stepped back and said, 'This is way too inadequate—we need a major international effort in order to get this done.' "

But the Bush administration was not willing to push for a major international effort of any sort. A U.S.-sponsored Security Council resolution adopted on July 30, 2004, threatened to "consider further actions," including economic sanctions, if the Sudanese government didn't progress on disarming the *Janjaweed* within 30 days. But there were no consequences when Khartoum missed that deadline. The Security Council merely resolved to consider unspecified "measures" at an unspecified time in the event of noncompliance. It wasn't until the following March, after Condoleezza Rice had been made secretary of state, that the United States drafted a resolution imposing a travel ban and asset freeze on individuals responsible for the continued violence. And it was only last week that the first sanctions actually came down, targeting *Janjaweed* militia coordinator Musa Hilal along with a former military commander and two rebel leaders. So far, though, Sudanese government officials have gotten off scot-free.

To be sure, China, which is reluctant to compromise its oil interests in Sudan—and to a lesser extent Russia, which is loath to invite scrutiny of its own behavior in Chechnya—are major obstacles at the Security Council. But the United States didn't do all it could unilaterally, either. Though our existing trade restrictions on Sudan limit how much more economic pressure we can put on the country, Washington could do more to target the individual perpetrators of the genocide. For example, President Bashir and Vice President Taha have not been added to our list of Specially Designated Nationals and Blocked Persons. At the very least, individual sanctions would signal a level of U.S. seriousness. "In the absence of doing that," Steinberg says, "we have suggested that we have higher priorities."

THOSE PRIORITIES HAVE varied across the U.S. government, but they have all led to the same place: appeasement. In April 2005, a CIA jet landed on the tarmac in Khartoum, and Salah Abdallah Gosh, a chubby, bespectacled Sudanese official, got on board. As Sudan's national security chief, Gosh had been cited by Congress in 2004 for having played a key role in orchestrating the Darfur genocide. But the CIA was interested in him for a different reason. In the early '90s, when Osama

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bin Laden and Al Qaeda were using Sudan as their base, Gosh was the intelligence officer tasked with keeping tabs on them. Today, Gosh oversees Sudan's intelligence service, the Mukhabarat. The CIA brought him back to Langley, as its guest, to talk terrorism.

The Sudanese government once possessed valuable terrorism intelligence—because, for a number of years, a number of terrorist outfits operated out of Khartoum. And, after September 11, when it feared it might become a target in the war on terrorism, Khartoum began sharing that information. The *Los Angeles Times* reported in April 2005, for instance, that Sudanese intelligence have detained Al Qaeda suspects for interrogation by American agents, turned over passports and other evidence recovered in raids on suspected terrorists' homes, and expelled extremists from the country. The State Department's most recent report on global terrorism declares that "Sudan's overall cooperation and information sharing improved markedly and produced significant progress in combating terrorist activity." Yet a senior government official says Sudan's intelligence is no longer that valuable: "No, not anymore. The motherlode? We got that in 2003. We didn't get it lately." Gosh's visit to Langley, the official says, wasn't expected to produce useful information. It was a symbolic move intended to demonstrate appreciation for past cooperation and to preserve the relationship.

A desire to preserve our relationship with Khartoum has led the State Department into similarly compromising positions. In May 2004, it removed Sudan from the list of countries not cooperating on counterterrorism, although, illogically, Sudan remained on the separate list of state sponsors of terrorism. (State Department spokesman Richard Boucher lamely explained that we were trying to "offer positive enforcement.") Last year, it improved Sudan's status on the human trafficking watch list, though Sudan had made no significant progress on the issue. State also undercut U.S. sanctions when it allowed Khartoum its own p.r. consultant: Washington lobbyist Robert Cabelly, who was given a $530,000 annual contract—until congressional pressure forced him to terminate the deal in February. Sudanese Foreign Minister Mustafa Osman Ismail was granted an audience in Washington with Rice, who, Ismail reported, promised to review the remaining sanctions. And Rice's deputy, Robert Zoellick, led a U.S. delegation to Sudan's presidential inaugural.

All of this has gone on even as the Sudanese government has continued to coordinate attacks on civilians and has not even pretended to rein in the *Janjaweed*. But the State Department has been reluctant to upset the North-South accord. "You were constantly trying to play this balancing act between how tough you get on Darfur, and press them on Darfur, but still keep them engaged to meet their part of the bargain in the South," the former official says. When members of Congress, in the spring and summer of 2005, proposed several versions of a Darfur accountability act, the State Department pushed back, arguing that Congress would constrain its negotiating position and wasn't sufficiently recognizing Khartoum's cooperation in the South. One senior government official recalls telling members of Congress that "this is all well and good. This makes you feel good. This makes it almost impossible for us to get a reasonable deal. We have shown these guys absolutely nothing." Some government officials argue that it was a mistake not to move even further toward normalization. "If somebody ever sits down and writes the book on this, and this doesn't end well," says the senior official, "we'll have lost this because we lost the peace faction in the North. And we lost the peace faction in the North over not giving them anything for what they'd done."

Of course, we have given Khartoum many things—concessions that it has simply pocketed as it continues to prosecute the genocide. And the United States has tolerated this horror while getting little in return. Sudan's counterterrorism intel is not helping to save lives, while the State Department's precious North-South accord, signed in January 2005, is not proving particularly successful. Although the violence has ebbed for the moment, there has been little progress on the power- and resource-sharing arrangement. Bashir's National Congress Party still holds the major Cabinet positions and refuses to share oil-production information, let alone much revenue.

This week, finally, the State Department sent Zoellick to twist arms at the AU-mediated peace talks. And Bush urged Bashir to reach an agreement with the Darfur rebels. It is unclear if this pressure will yield results. The Sudanese government has promised to disarm the *Janjaweed* several times before. All the same, it is pressure that should have been exerted all along. Instead, the United States has repeatedly undermined even its most promising moves. After Bush spoke in February of bolstering NATO involvement in Darfur, administration plans called for sending fewer than 500 advisers—and then only to help at AU headquarters, not in field operations. Likewise, though the Bush administration pushed last month for a U.N. resolution imposing targeted sanctions on those responsible for the Darfur atrocities, it fought to keep Gosh off the list.

Ironically, although in Rwanda it demonstrated precisely how *not* to stop genocide, the Clinton administration's hardline approach to Khartoum offers a model for how to deal with Darfur. Concerned about terrorism in the mid-'90s, Clinton broke off relations, imposed a series of sanctions, and got Sudan to expel bin Laden in 1996. John Prendergast, an African Affairs director on Clinton's NSC, laments that Bush's constructive engagement has turned those lessons upside down: "Instead of dealing with [Khartoum] with pressure, with isolation, with demonstrable penalties for the commission of crimes against humanity, we're coddling them; we're having tea with mass murderers." The Bush administration's legacy in Darfur will be a fight against a genocide that protected the genocide's architects. Which is not much of a legacy at all. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Power Problems

OCCASIONALLY A FILM IS less important for what it does than for its very existence. **AMERICAN DREAMZ**, written and directed by Paul Weitz, is a moderately engaging satire, some of it amusing and some of it strained, but in considerable measure it reflects a strange circumstance in all our lives.

AMERICAN DREAMZ (Universal)

STOLEN (International Film Circuit)

At the start a president of the United States is reelected, and he just wants to stay in bed and—unwontedly—read the newspapers. His sweetly supportive wife stands (or sits) by him; but his chief of staff has other plans. The president's popularity rating is low, so his chief schedules a guest appearance for him on a popular television program called *American Dreamz*. (No need to name the models for all the components above.) The basic strangeness is that none of these goings-on seems funny: they almost feel like legitimate news.

Also eager to be on the television program is a Midwestern girl, clean-cut even in her sexiness, who is relieved of a persistent boyfriend when he is drafted and sent to Iraq. A third figure is a Middle Easterner, a fan of American show tunes, who is dispatched from his native country as a potential suicide bomber. He may blow himself up in California. (There is a fourth figure, a Hasidic rapper, but he doesn't figure greatly in the plottings.) With a farce twist, the terrorist is mistaken for his cousin in California, who frantically wants to get on that television show—and the terrorist, pop-music-mad, agrees to go along with it. These plot strands are crisscrossed by the activities of the show's oily host.

The actors fill their various bills—Dennis Quaid is confidently vacuous as the president; Marcia Gay Harden as Mrs. Prez is a Perfect Wife; Mandy Moore is both glucose and jiggly as the Ohio girl; Sam Golzari is convincing—a term that here is hard to explain—as the would-be bomber who loves American pop. The two least-predictable performances come from Willem Dafoe as the tonsured brisk presidential chief of staff, quite unlike his usual residually haunted self, and Hugh Grant as the television host, deliberately fabricating charm instead of relying on his innate appeal.

The satirizing of television shows is so easy and so common that only a "straight" show in a film would now be a novelty. The jokes about Iraq and the bomber are almost funny enough to be acceptable. But what is important in the film, what makes it notable, is the satire about the president. *We expect it.*

Mockery of presidents—even the best ones—is standard in America. (Look up the contumely about Lincoln.) Nor is it new in films: remember, among others, *Wag the Dog* and *Primary Colors*. But the presidential portrait in Weitz's picture is a part of a larger national condition. Certainly there are still White House supporters and very vocal media panegyrists for the president. But the recent polls and the atmosphere in which they have arisen suggest a condition that, to many of us, is frightening.

As Weitz's film implies, we now live in a country that has a government of incompetence and prevarication. And we know it. No rational person ever completely believes any government, but now we sense, almost like a physical chill, a gap between the administration and the country. We feel that our lives are in the hands of a government that, day by day, speech by speech, is more and more feeble, myopic, and mendacious. The country seems schizoid: on one side, the tremendous power of the government; on the other side, us. This condition seems the base of the cartoon here—the president floundering in the middle of a smarmy television show, trying to bridge the gap—and it gives this modest picture a scary sting.

In a very different field, another picture is more interesting for its subject than for itself. **STOLEN** is a documentary by Rebecca Dreyfus about a tremendous art heist—the theft of thirteen famous paintings from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston on March 18, 1990. The haul included five pictures by Degas, three by Rembrandt, one by Manet, and one by Vermeer ("The Concert"). The Vermeer now has the sorry distinction of probably being the most valuable stolen artwork in the world.

The case is still unsolved. Dreyfus takes us through a lot of the investigations with police, reporters, and a well-known private detective who specialized in art theft (Harold Smith, lately deceased). Interlaced with these interviews are passages on the sound track from the correspondence between Mrs. Gardner and her chief mentor in her collecting, Bernard Berenson, who was—and continued to be—in Florence. (Gardner's voice is Blythe Danner, Berenson's is Campbell Scott.) *Stolen* proceeds in orthodox style, braiding its interviews and background shots, but we become impatient as we become aware of something that is not the director's fault. The film has no ending. What's worse, Dreyfus doesn't use this fact to her (let's say) philosophical advantage.

One point comes clear, a point that has previously been suggested in news stories about such thefts, and even in fiction. What does a thief do, we have all at some time wondered, with a stolen masterpiece? Apparently there have been collectors who were willing to buy famous paintings and keep their purchases secret; but that seems contrary to the possessive instinct. Anyway, wouldn't the matter be revealed, someday, somehow—in a legacy, for instance? *Stolen* provides an answer to the question, confirming some previous speculation about art thefts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One man in the film, who in fact has a shady past, tells authorities that he will supply clues to the whereabouts of the paintings in return for certain conditions. Instead of being arrested on suspicion of being an accessory to the robbery, this man is treated as if he were a negotiator at a bargaining table. We soon see that the stolen paintings are being used not as possessions to be sold eventually, but as bargaining chips. They are hostages. Whoever has those paintings has power, applicable in a number of ways. (One of the groups involved in the bargaining, we are told, was the Irish Republican Army.) Whatever the outcome of all this hugger-mugger, as yet unresolved, *Stolen* gives us hints about a special sort of muscle. ■

Richard Just

An Imperialist Indifference

DARFUR: THE AMBIGUOUS GENOCIDE
By Gérard Prunier
(Cornell University Press, 212 pp., $24)

DARFUR: A SHORT HISTORY OF A LONG WAR
By Julie Flint and Alex de Waal
(Zed Books, 152 pp., $19.99)

AMERICA AS THE MALEVOLENT imperial power: one can hardly scan a bookstore shelf or a newsstand without seeing the argument in some form. Since September 11, and especially since the Iraq war, the United States has been regularly, and darkly, compared to the hegemons of the past. The comparisons are usually more heat than light, though Charles S. Maier, in his new book *Among Empires: American Ascendancy and Its Predecessors*, calmly and with great learning lays out a responsible series of comparisons between historical superpowers and contemporary America. But the left has found in Bush's foreign policy a tonic occasion for a new politics of anti-imperialism. Many examples could be given. Arundhati Roy wrote a few years ago that the "New Imperialism is already upon us.... There isn't a country on God's earth that is not caught in the cross-hairs of the American cruise missile and the IMF checkbook"; and Juan Cole, in a recent essay that finds similarities between the American occupation of Iraq and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and British invasions of Egypt, notes that "in each case, the ruling cliques of the countries invaded were decried as despots who oppressed the local population and menaced the interests of the West." Well, yes; but Saddam Hussein *was* a despot who *did* oppress the local population and menace the interests of the West.

But these progressives, who need imperialism almost as much as the imperialists do, may be looking for the modern colonial instinct in the wrong place. For it takes more than the projection of power to make an empire. Indeed, sometimes the analogy with imperialism may be proved by the absence of gross military action. If there is a place in the world in which the United States may bring to mind imperialism's sordid contempt for other regions and other races, it is not Iraq. It is Darfur, where we have shamefully done nothing. As the left has kept busy in recent years assembling the case that American wars in Afghanistan and Iraq are neocolonial in nature, a genocide has been taking place in Sudan; and the West—led by the allegedly trigger-happy Bush administration—has dithered, hoping that the African Union would solve the problem on its own, and that diplomatic threats would force the Sudanese government to call off its militias, all the while denying what has been perfectly obvious for some time now: that the simplest and quickest way to end the genocide, and to save the lives of hundreds of thousands of innocents, would be for Western troops to go to Darfur in the manner of a good old hegemon and stop the killing.

Colonialism is a rotten thing, and it should be opposed; but too many liberals are wrong, or at least insufficiently imaginative, about where to locate the Western colonial impulse in contemporary international politics. Perhaps the modern equivalent of colonialism is not the presence of Western troops in Iraq, but rather the absence of Western troops in Africa. That sounds like an odd proposition. How can America be acting on a colonial instinct by not acting at all? Quite easily, in fact. The peculiar ugliness of the colonial worldview can reside not just in overreach, but also in under-reach. The common link is indifference: the capacity not to care, or to care far too little, about the suffering of others; to dehumanize others by abandoning them to their destruction. These days Darfur is the victim of Western indifference—but not for the first time. The colonial history of Sudan holds a precedent for the American indifference that we are witnessing today.

DARFUR, A REGION THE SIZE of France, sits on the western edge of Sudan. It is, literally and figuratively, on the country's periphery; and its modern history has been defined by the strained politics of its relationship with Khartoum, which has struggled since independence in 1956 to hold the outer marginalized reaches of the country together. In this respect, Darfur's plight bears more than a passing resemblance to the situation of southern Sudan, where largely African populations—among them a significant percentage of Christians—waged a decades-long rebellion against the Arab Muslim government in Khartoum, a rebellion that ended only last year when a peace accord promised the south significant autonomy and increased representation in a national unity government. But if Darfur has something in common with the south, it also has a story all its own. That story is ably told by Gérard Prunier, who offers a more complete account of the pre-colonial and colonial history of the region, and by Julie Flint and Alex de Waal, who focus illuminatingly on the region's recent history and the origins of the genocide.

Darfur is home to numerous African tribal groups, including the Fur, the Masalit, and the Zaghawa. Landownership traditionally operated according to a system of hereditary land grants known as *hakura*. Between the fourteenth and eighteenth centuries, waves of Arab migrants arrived in Darfur—first nomads, then traders from the east. Some Arab groups were given land grants under the *hakura* system. Others were not. Beginning in the seventeenth century, the Fur established a sultanate over much of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

territory, with Islam as its official religion. To their south the Fur raided for slaves, and to their north and east they traded with Egypt.

In 1874, Turco-Egyptian authorities assumed control of Darfur. (They had ruled much of Sudan since 1821.) But a decade later, a charismatic *mahdi*, or Muslim holy man, led a nationwide revolt, ending the occupation of Sudan and creating a new regime. Though he died soon after assuming power, his lieutenant ruled Sudan until the British defeated him in 1898, establishing colonial control over Sudan that they would not relinquish for more than half a century. Darfur was spared British rule, but only briefly: Ali Dinar, a relative of the last Fur sultan, reached a deal with the British to preserve Darfur's independence. He ruled the territory for eighteen years before making the miscalculation of siding with the Ottomans in World War I. In 1916, the colonial Sudanese government invaded Darfur, killed Ali Dinar, and ensured that thereafter the region's fate would be linked to the rest of Sudan's.

BRITAIN GOVERNED SUDAN DIFferently from its other colonies. The apparatus of its colonial authority was unusual: rather than being technically under British rule, Sudan came under joint British and Egyptian sovereignty. (This was always something of a sham, since Egypt was itself governed by Britain; and in later years, as Egypt moved toward independence, Britain would prove quite effective at blocking Egyptian influence in Khartoum and governing Sudan as it pleased.) More significantly, Britain permitted no settlers into Sudan, and generally took a minimalist approach to running the country. And even in the context of this hands-off rule, Britain's administration of Darfur stood out for its lack of initiative.

After seizing the territory in 1916, Britain installed a system of "indirect rule," meaning that colonial authorities governed through existing tribal leaders. As Prunier explains, these tribal leaders "were usually incapable of implementing any form of technical or administrative progress or of dealing with problems of education. This suited the local British administrators, who believed that education and technical change would only 'spoil' their charges." In the end, Prunier writes, "the Khartoum administration did almost nothing, good or bad, in its late-acquired province." It was not only Darfur that was neglected. Southern Sudan was not just ignored, but also sealed off from the rest of the country. "To justify neglect," M. W. Daly remarks in *Imperial Sudan*, his history of British colonialism in the country, the government "declared the south unready for exposure to the forces of modernity. The south would be 'closed' to outsiders and allowed to 'develop' along 'indigenous' lines, free from the contamination of Islam, Arabic, and itinerant traders.... Southern Policy became a charter for institutionalizing backwardness."

These policies were implemented by the Sudan Political Service, which was, in Prunier's words, "as much, or perhaps more, a club than an administration." Members were recruited directly from Oxford and Cambridge to administer swaths of territory in Sudan, where "spartan, adventurous life was an extension of the life of the English public school." Theirs was a different sort of racism from the active scorn shown to indigenous subjects by British settlers in other colonial outposts. More than despising the locals, members of the Sudan Political Service enjoyed living among them in what they saw as an authentic native environment. This benign neglect by a malign order was not just a matter of administrative convenience; it was also an approach to colonization built around a kind of institutionalized condescension. There were variations in the way different regions of the country were administered, but by and large the pattern held. Prunier describes Darfur as a "gentleman's playground." He notes that a Sudanese author once said the British regarded the southern part of the country as a "human zoo."

Britain's approach to governing Sudan reminds us of a sometimes neglected attribute of the colonial spirit: its deep indifference toward its surroundings. In order to colonize people, you must be fundamentally unmoved by their humanity. To be sure, there are other elements in the mentality of colonialism, and these other imperial instincts consort awkwardly, or in contradiction, with the indifference I am describing: the missionary instinct, or the "civilizing" instinct, both of which led Westerners to care too much, rather than too little, about the affairs of those they colonized, and to express this concern in nasty, intolerant ways. And the economic interest of European imperialism was certainly the most morally and emotionally deadening influence of all.

But it was the instinct toward indifference that was most plainly on display in imperial Sudan, though it existed in some degree everywhere the British ruled, including places where colonization took a very different form. In *Imperial Reckoning: The Untold Story of Britain's Gulag in Kenya*, Caroline Elkins documents the horrific abuses meted out in a British colonial prison. Kenya's colonization was quite unlike Sudan's. British settlers arrived in the country and expropriated land from Africans; this led to the Mau Mau rebellion, which in turn led the British to take gruesome countermeasures, including the creation of a gulag. But there, too, indifference was in evidence: to expropriate someone's land, and certainly to torture someone, you must not care what happens to him. The imperial dehumanization of Kenya was very different from the imperial indifference of the British administrators of southern Sudan, who regarded their subjects as amusing specimens living in a "human zoo." At its most aggressive and at its most passive, imperialism in Africa was a policy of not giving a damn.

THE BRITISH LEFT SUDAN IN 1956. During the next several decades, Darfur continued to be neglected by Sudanese authorities, but this time it was the governing elite in Khartoum, rather than the British, who were guilty of indifference. By the 1980s, according to Flint and de Waal, "Darfur's towns and villages had scarcely better services than in the days of the British." Meanwhile, ethnic tensions between Darfur's Arabs and non-Arabs were on the rise. Partly, this was the result of politics: election campaigns led to demagoguery as parties courted different demographics, which in turn led to a heightened awareness of ethnic distinctions—distinctions, it should be noted, that are considerably more subtle and difficult to disentangle than, say, the difference between a Zimbabwean and an Arab from the Middle East. Also to blame were environmental factors: as drought and desertification caused the total amount of arable land to shrink, the traditional lifestyles of Arab nomads and African farmers began to bump up against each other; a severe famine during the 1980s exacerbated tensions further. Droughts as well as political up-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heaval in Chad led to an influx of Arabs from northern Chad that altered Darfur's ethnic balance. Then there was the pernicious influence of Muammar Gadhafi. Libya's leader spent years seeking to overthrow Chad's government, and he used Darfur as his base. Arms flowed into the region, and so did Gadhafi's brand of Arab supremacism.

As Arab militias, known as Janjaweed, began to arm themselves, the frustration of the Fur, Zaghawa, Masalit, and other non-Arab Darfuris with their region's neglect by the Khartoum government grew. Darfuris had once been active in the Islamist movement that brought the National Islamic Front (NIF) regime to power in the 1980s, but by the late 1990s, according to Flint and de Waal, they "began to abandon the Islamist movement in droves as the movement itself began to fragment." In 2000, Sudanese dissidents circulated a publication called *The Black Book: Imbalance of Power and Wealth in Sudan*. The book's "meticulous statistics proved what everyone knew but never articulated: that the vast majority of government positions in Khartoum, from cabinet ministers to their drivers and all the bureaucracy in-between, were held by members of three tribes which represented only 5.4 per cent of Sudan's population."

By 2003, Arab-African violence was endemic to Darfur. Two non-Arab rebel groups, the Sudan Liberation Army and the Justice and Equality Movement, soon announced their presence with attacks on government installations. The latter was less secular but also more politically sophisticated, since its leadership contained Islamists who had grown disaffected with the NIF. The NIF's response was swift and brutal: it unleashed its Janjaweed proxies—already armed with weapons and grievances, following decades of ethnic tension—to terrorize the African populations of Darfur.

The most prominent Janjaweed leader is a brutish figure named Musa Hilal. The son of an Arab sheik who had for decades wielded considerable power in Darfur's tribal politics, Hilal rose to prominence in the 1980s. As his elderly father gradually went blind and became bedridden, Musa was elevated to the leadership of his clan. An Arab supremacist with a sizeable ego, Hilal was the perfect vehicle for Khartoum's decision to fight the Darfur rebels by means of genocide. It was Hilal who would issue the now-infamous order to a regional military commander in 2004: "Change the demography of Darfur and empty it of African tribes." Hilal is a central character in Flint and de Waal's book, and they paint a compelling portrait of a man driven by racism and egomania. (In Prunier's account, he is mentioned only in an end note—an odd omission. And neither book, it must be said, lays out much of a plan for ending the killing. All three authors make clear their revulsion at the international community's weak response, but these are works of history, not policy.)

Hilal may be a loathsome figure—just last week the U.N. Security Council issued sanctions against him—but he has had plenty of help from other loathsome figures with far more power: namely, members of Khartoum's ruling elite. They supplied airplanes, troops, and—most of all—confidence to members of the Janjaweed that their crimes would go unpunished. The result has been hundreds of thousands dead, and millions evicted from their homes and driven to refugee camps, and women raped en masse. Flint and de Waal describe what the genocide has looked like in practice:

> With air support, the *Janjawiid* [*sic*] spread out across Darfur, attacking defenseless communities. Villagers were ... shot, stabbed, burned alive, and butchered. Bodies were mutilated and left in the open, there to be seen by anyone who might consider returning. In one village, sixty-six villagers were tortured in the local dispensary before being killed—some hanged by their feet, others decapitated. In another, schoolgirls were chained together and burned alive.... Government and *Janjawiid* forces destroyed everything that made life possible.

Khartoum's strategy was simple: genocide as an instrument of counter-insurgency. To speak crassly, the strategy has been very effective, and so it continues to this day.

IT IS NOT QUITE ACCURATE TO SAY that the West has ignored the Darfur genocide, since we know quite well what has been going on. More precisely, the West has been indifferent. We have taken the trouble to know, but not the trouble to care. A handful of heroic journalists have risked their lives to make sure that the story of Darfur reached the world, and humanitarian workers from groups such as Doctors Without Borders have risked their lives to provide aid to the displaced Darfuris living in camps—despite the best efforts of the Sudanese government and the Janjaweed to make conditions so unsafe that aid providers will elect to leave. State Department officials have sought to cajole and intimidate the Khartoum government into reining in its proxies, to little effect. And religious groups have mobilized, notably in the rally that took place in Washington this past weekend.

But micro-passion is no match for macro-indifference; and while the marchers are to be applauded, the constituency of those who really care about Darfur is not nearly large enough to compel President Bush to take decisive action. Nor have strong-enough constituencies emerged in Europe, where presumably, in the wake of the Iraq war, the thought of Western military action for just about any reason is impossible to support. Better to let hundreds of thousands die than to risk the appearance of neocolonialism. And even among those Americans who desperately wish to see the genocide stopped, the discussion seems haunted by the specter of imperialism. The postcard distributed by the admirable Save Darfur Coalition is deliberately ambiguous in this respect: it calls on Bush to "support a stronger multinational force to protect the civilians of Darfur." If this means a NATO force led by the United States, then it offers a realistic plan for stopping the genocide. But one assumes most Americans who sign the postcard are thinking in less hawkish, and therefore less realistic, terms: increased funding for African Union troops, or perhaps a mandate for United Nations intervention.

The most important political fact about this evil is that neither of these options will put an end to it. The African Union, which already has troops on the ground in Darfur, has proved impotent to protect civilians. As for the United Nations, its preparations for a mission to Darfur are moving at a snail's pace, even as Khartoum maneuvers to prevent blue helmets from entering the country at all. No, the only end to Darfur's genocide

Daily Brief
TNR newsletters:
Politics or Books & Arts
Free! Only at TNR.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will come when a NATO force, which might well have to be led by the United States, arrives in the region prepared to destroy the Janjaweed and, if necessary, to subdue Khartoum's military as well. As Lawrence F. Kaplan has pointed out, "the mostly progressive voices calling for action in Darfur have become caught in a bind of their own devising": they want Darfur saved and they want American power curbed. They cannot have both.

INDIFFERENCE, THEN, REMAINS THE defining instinct in the West's relationship with Sudan. And this is the wrenching irony: not to do anything about Sudan is precisely the imperialist thing to do. For this reason, Darfur and our anti-imperialist integrity will die together. It is the old indifference that historians will detect in Bush's empty statements calling on Khartoum's leaders to stop the killing, when he knows full well that he could persuade them to do so by deploying troops rather than words; and in the bizarre logic of a United Nations that will not even call this genocide by its proper name; and—I do not mean to be too harsh here, but the result is the same—in the political demand of protesters that we simply provide more support to the African Union and the United Nations, when it is clear that neither organization will ever, on its own, be able to stop the killing. During the Bosnian genocide, remember, insisting that it was a European problem was finally a way of expressing the limits of one's concern, because it was obvious that the Europeans were not going to solve it.

We do not wish to be colonialists. Haven't we meddled in the rest of the world enough? Haven't we, imperialists that we are, already put enough countries in "the cross-hairs of the American cruise missile"? When America acts abroad, isn't it invariably acting in the brutal and selfish tradition of Napoleon in Egypt and Britain in Kenya, inevitably re-enacting the pathologies and the depredations of colonial powers? Many believe this; but perhaps they have things backward. It may be that in Darfur, and elsewhere, it is when America does the least that we indulge the colonial instinct the most. For a great power, inaction is just another form of action. By not acting in Darfur, we act to allow a certain outcome. Not all intervention is exploitation or oppression. The logic of non-intervention may also be haughty and heartless. And Sudan, apparently, is still a zoo. ■

Christine Stansell
Escape to Duty

CITIZEN: JANE ADDAMS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY
By Louise W. Knight
(University of Chicago Press, 582 pp., $35)

WHAT PSYCHIC RESOURCES are required to make, and to sustain, American democracy? The question seems abstract and pallid, since the terms usually advanced to answer it—fortitude, valor, determination, courage, and other such virtues—have become platitudes that politicians and right-wing pundits now push around on the board of strategic advantage. But at the turn of the last century, and through World War I, fine minds ruminated long on the subject, nourishing their reflections with liberal dispositions and experiences soaked in the affairs of the world.

One of the most important of those exceedingly active thinkers was Jane Addams. There is now a small revival of writing on Addams going on, after years of neglect. Despite her towering reputation in her own day, Addams has languished in the wings, historically speaking. She was too much a crossover act for women's history, too much an activist for intellectual history, and too much a woman for political history. She registered as a mild-mannered, slightly drab subject: another kindly charity lady whose concern for the needy was genuine but ineffectual, an altruist who dispensed Band-Aids. Against the turn-of-the-century backdrop of massive strikes, lynchings of African Americans, class hatred, and government attacks on workers, Addams's commitment to mediation, conciliation, and cooperation looked wishy-washy, stemming from an investment in her own virtue rather than a realistic assessment of the bitter politics of the day. She appeared the exemplary Christian do-gooder, a figure from the Victorian past who offered little to the modern period: "Saint Jane" of social work.

In the 1990s, however, historians grew more curious about the Progressive politics that supported Addams and others like her: the sprawling movement that mixed middle-class altruism and bourgeois anxieties, democratic commitments and elite control, redistributive social programs and economic rationalization. Once judged by New Left scholars to have been conservative, even reactionary, the Progressives and their considerable accomplishments—the fruits of steady, incremental change and practicality—began to look pretty good. It was no longer just the socialists and the anarchists who seemed interesting. The very different efforts of W. E. B. DuBois, Samuel Gompers, Louis Brandeis, Theodore Roosevelt, and William Jennings Bryan have come up for consideration as serious—and sometimes successful—attempts to address gargantuan problems of inequality, labor, race, and democracy in an era of heavy industrialism, white supremacy, intense class hostility, and corporate consolidation.

Still, being a political creature who was a woman in a man's world, Addams continues to be treated as a footnote, or as window dressing; only Eleanor Roosevelt has cracked the old code of disinterest in women leaders in high places. Now Louise W. Knight's excellent book makes the case for Addams as a pre-eminent social thinker and a masterful politician. Knight will have none of Saint Jane; and her biography should forever dispel the lingering assumption that Addams was the church lady of progressivism. She gives us instead a woman who took up residence—quite literally, when she rented Hull House—in the life of her times, eschewing the limits (and the protections) of her sex and refusing to don the veil of Christian charity. Addams entered into the afflictions and aspirations of poor people, and from there she pushed, uninvited, into the back rooms where politicians made the decisions that pressed on poor people's lives.

Jane Addams was born in 1860 in a small town in Illinois, the youngest

Christine Stansell is the Edwards Professor of American History at Princeton University. She is writing a history of feminism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

daughter of a well-to-do family. Her father, John Addams, was a Republican state senator, a friend and devoted admirer of Abraham Lincoln: throughout her life, reverence for the two men would be the foundation of her ethic of service to the country. Her mother died when Addams was a toddler, and although a loving—while difficult—stepmother took her place, the child would always be her father's daughter, raised to a high calling in the spirit of the president and party that had led the nation through the war.

For a girl, though, the nature of that calling was vague, even for a smart girl who learned about deep matters from her father. John Addams's belief in his daughter's abilities bequeathed her an insoluble cultural vexation: as Knight puts it, "whether heroism could only be pursued in the (male) public realm or whether women's private lot of suffering and self-sacrifice was also heroic." As a teenager setting out into the world, she would slam up hard against the dilemma, the same one that thwarted the passionate, disappointed heroines of the previous generation who thrilled her in the novels of Dickens and Eliot. But as a child she was still safe from censure, and she inhabited genderless dreams of heroic deeds in the service of humankind.

The family, including the adored father, was utterly conventional in its ideas about women and men, parents and children. Some of this is known from Addams's memoir, *Twenty Years at Hull-House*, but Knight sees the workings of the family romance more clearly than Addams ever could. She sketches a portrait of a household that, by tacit consent, would not let anyone leave. Since it was a mixed family—"blended," we would call it, with children born of two sets of parents—the psychic drive to incestuous pairings could actually be socially realized. One son of Anna Haldeman, Jane's stepmother, married one of the three Addams girls. Jane, the youngest, was destined for George, the youngest Haldeman. The only Addams son also served the cause of family unity in his own way, through illness. He suffered bouts of mania—paranoid schizophrenia in our terms—and required everyone's attention to monitor his sanity and move him in and out of asylums.

In 1887, toward the end of a breakdown that came after she graduated from college, Jane threw a wrench into this system by turning down George's marriage proposal. It was the first of a series of defiant acts by which she forced her way out. For spurning George, her stepmother would forever consider Addams selfish and willful, and the source of his subsequent problems, which turned out to be severe. George tried, in his own way, to get away, but failed miserably. Shortly after Jane rejected him, he went missing; found weeks later, on a roadside in Iowa, gaunt and bedraggled, he had no memory of how he got there. He was suffering, it turned out, from "fuguing," an extraordinary late-Victorian male affliction characterized by just such defections: the person experiencing it furtively bolted from home to walk mindlessly in a straight line for days at a time in a sort of trance, although he appeared normal to those he met, thus eluding detection. George lived with his mother the rest of his life, increasingly odd and reclusive.

SINCE SHE WAS BORN FEMALE, Jane Addams would have known that there was no getting away by walking in a straight line. To extricate oneself required indiscernible maneuvers to escape the field of force—the "family claim," as she later termed it. In the early chapters of *Twenty Years*, she wrote movingly about the pull of duty to loved ones—their needs for you, their plans for you—which she saw as especially dangerous for daughters. She first sensed the undertow at age sixteen, when she proposed that she attend Smith College, which was the Harvard of the day for brainy young women, the only women's college to grant a full-fledged bachelor of arts degree. Her parents had always encouraged her bookishness and her studies, but now they were adamant: Smith was too far away, and in any case she had no need for a fancy degree.

The compromise was a nearby women's college, Rockford Seminary. Although Addams never quite got over her resentment at being there instead of at Smith, Rockford offered, under evangelical Christian auspices, a serious curriculum and rigorous teaching meant to prepare the girls to be missionaries. Away from her charismatic parents, Addams proved to be magnetic in her own right. Taught the discipline of essay-writing, she became a prolific writer. She learned to argue and to debate—a skill that would have atrophied had she attended a more conventional girls' school. She excelled at her studies and found an unsuspected talent for public speaking, which would take her far: in later life Addams was an immensely successful lecturer and writer, and for long stretches she kept Hull House afloat financially with her fees. Most important, living in a community of peers gave her four years of comparative freedom unstructured by family roles and duties.

Those peers, moreover, were convinced that they were born for high purposes, a collective destiny out of the common track. Whether or not they intended to become missionaries, they saw themselves as heroines of the day, imbued with "enormous new power," as Addams wrote to a friend. They lived on the cusp of a cultural shift. The self-sacrificing Victorian matron—that figure Virginia Woolf mordantly characterized as "the angel in the house"—remained a lodestar, but *sotto voce* this first generation of college women was generating a different ideal. From her school friends Addams took the belief that Woman "wishes not to be a man or like a man," but would accomplish great tasks on her own. These Rockford girls were plainer, more serious, less wealthy versions of the endlessly hopeful, poignant American girls whose stories Henry James was beginning to write. Independent, brilliant, romantic, and infinitely helpful to the world, this figure of the cultural imagination was still inchoate, but it would coalesce in the popular culture of the 1890s into the New Woman. Of the species, Addams would come to serve as Exhibit A.

BUT IN THE 1880S, THE NEW Woman ideal held little power outside the sanctuary of the women's colleges. The crisis came in 1881, when Addams graduated. Again she wanted to go to Smith to get that degree, and again her father blocked her. After years of thrilling successes, she came home—to do nothing. It is impossible to exaggerate the bind that she and others of her generation faced. James's heroines forestalled the moment of truth by traveling to Europe and imagining (willfully, wrongly, fatally) that the Old World could give them greater scope for action than the New. For a young woman, even a brilliant one, there was still little that did not require the passport of marriage (even to be a missionary, a woman had to marry) or the protection of a family. In Britain, the Oxbridge women's colleges, which over the years would provide a haven for female intellectuals, had only just opened. "Many a young woman of [the 1880s] ... had [a]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great ambition in which she was thwarted," Addams quietly noted much later. For the next eight years, she wrote in *Twenty Years*, "I was absolutely at sea so far as any moral purpose was concerned, clinging only to the desire to live in a really living world."

To compound matters, her father died unexpectedly, throwing the family into grief and confusion. Anna, looking to consolidate the married and unmarried children, came up with the idea of moving some of them to Philadelphia, a center of medical education where the oldest Haldeman son, a physician, could enhance his training. Medicine was one of the few professions that had cracked open to women, and Jane was also allowed to study. Female medical education was associated with ministering to the poor, and backed up by a network of several hundred pioneering female "regular" physicians concentrated in special colleges for women. Jane could theoretically have become a doctor, but it is more likely that Anna had her in mind as a trained assistant to George, who was waiting in the wings.

Jane acceded to the plan; but it was really for inability to do what she wanted, which was to go to Smith. Her medical career fizzled under the strain of back pain and what would now be diagnosed as depression. She slid into full-fledged neurasthenia, an infirmity that frequently overcame educated women at just such a turn with listlessness, fatigue, melancholy, headaches, and debilitating somatic pain. She endured long stretches of compulsory bed rest and horrible treatments at the hands of her physician stepbrother/brother-in-law (involving spinal surgery and red-hot irons—don't ask), brooding all the while about her supposed selfishness. In the family scenario, she, too, slid into the patient's role that her older brother had carved out, which seems to have suited everyone fine.

Depression dogged her, but she rallied in spurts, first by arranging a trip to Europe in 1883 with her stepmother and a group of female friends and relations. The Grand Tour, which took months (sometimes a year or two), followed a well-traveled road thronged with questing American girls and their fussy mothers. (Think of *Daisy Miller*, written five years earlier.) Addams trudged along the appointed way, but she turned the trip into her own psychic journey. For one, the Europe that she sought out was a cartography of literary shrines and settings that corresponded to tableaux of her inner life. For another, the glimpses of the wretched lives of the poor in the great cities touched off silent ruminations about the chasm between the classes. In the time-honored manner of girls forming plans around mothers who disapprove, she kept her thoughts to herself, making a show of will only when, on their return, she rejected George.

On a second trip, which began in 1886 and lasted two years, she traveled without her stepmother and was bolder. She broached some ideas to her companion and old schoolmate Ellen Gates Starr and spent time at Toynbee Hall in London, a "settlement" of Oxford and Cambridge graduates in the poverty-stricken East End. Founded by well-to-do Anglicans and staffed by young men inspired by a resurgent moral philosophy, Toynbee Hall aimed to replace "doing good" with a sustained and more reciprocal relation with poor people, breaking down class barriers through talking and friendship. Addams was enthralled. Having formed a great purpose, she started to walk a straight line. In 1889, when she returned home, she went off to Chicago, joined up with Starr, and with her inheritance rented and set about refurbishing a moldering mansion, once lovely and grand, in a neighborhood of tenements on the West Side. In the late summer, they moved in. She would live in Hull House the rest of her life.

Despite her protected upbringing, Addams possessed a strong instinct for egalitarian relationships with the poor people whose company she sought. Hull House was remarkable in the democratic genius of its tenets, which modified Toynbee Hall's program into a set of working principles brilliantly suited to the American scene. In London, the Anglicans offered Protestant instruction and encouraged conversion, which made them anathema to Irish Catholics. But Addams and Starr, who were determined from the beginning to work with a predominantly Jewish and Catholic immigrant population, left Jesus out of things. And in contrast to Toynbee Hall, which was all male, they counted on other women joining them and believed that women had a special gift for cross-class labors.

Addams envisioned a nexus of reciprocal relationships that would benefit the privileged residents as well as the poor they served. Hull House would be "cooperative," eschewing the use of force and power—by which Addams meant the power of class—to impose solutions on the people whom she always called "the neighbors" rather than "the poor." Residents would instead search out and listen to others' needs, agendas, and solutions. An absolute standard of respect for the resources and the dignity of all people would permeate the settlement's dealings with the neighborhood.

These were exacting precepts, and Knight notes that Addams could not have fathomed the measure of what they would require from her. Although she did not always live up to them, she never stopped trying, and she articulated her beliefs with force, persuasion, and exactitude to successive generations of the Hull House staffers, whose ranks quickly expanded beyond the initial pair. As a lecturer and magazine writer, she also made her ideas known to the growing public attentive to progressive reform. By 1910, there were some four hundred settlement houses in American cities. One reason why there were so many copies was that the original was a remarkable success.

It would be a mistake, though, to see Addams as a solitary visionary. It was a propitious moment in Chicago politics to chart a third way out of the bitter class politics that lingered after the Haymarket Affair of 1886. From the moment they rented the house, Addams and Starr received enthusiastic help—financial, political, and social—from the elite women's clubs of Chicago, which were imbued with progressive zeal. Nowhere in the country did well-to-do women, still without the vote, have the political influence that they did in Chicago, and major figures such as Bertha Honoré Palmer (society doyenne and serious patron of the arts) backed them from the beginning. John Altgeld, a populist Democrat with strong labor support, won the governor's race in 1892 and immediately set to work implementing his campaign commitments to legislation banning child labor and improving health conditions in factories and sweatshops. Altgeld's victory, an earthquake in a state ruled by Republicans for two decades, galvanized the city's progressives.

So Hull House benefited from the vibrant reform culture of Chicago, but what, exactly, did Hull House *do*? First, it was a place to visit. Having been raised in a household that kept everyone inside, psychologically speaking, Addams opened

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the windows and threw open the doors. People came and went as they pleased: anyone, at any time, up to 11 p.m., when the residents closed the doors for the night. It was a brilliant policy, because it replicated the flexible sociability of the tenements at a time when private space and ritualized "calls" were primary class markers of bourgeois domesticity. Initially, Addams and Starr themselves had to go around visiting, because the neighbors were convinced that the ladies were luring people to their house in order to proselytize for Christ. But they soon won acceptance by listening to their neighbors rather than talking at them. "What can we do to help?" was their mantra. In short order, Hull House bustled.

The traffic was so heavy that critics judged the place chaotic and frenetic. An upper-class British visitor was shocked that people "wander here, there, everywhere." Children, who must have loved the fast pace, made up a game called "Hull House." One child pretended to knock at a door, and someone else ran to answer it, then ran back to answer a pretend phone call, then ran back to answer the door when someone else knocked. Reformers from Europe mingled with the needy from around the corner; policemen and novelists dropped by along with ministers and trade-union organizers; mothers with small children came in to take a break in the company of others. By 1893, six additional women had joined Starr and Addams to make Hull House their home. Some newcomers did bridle at the bedlam and went elsewhere to do their planning and writing; John Dewey, who loved both Addams and Hull House, thought that life there would drive people crazy.

In the experimental mode they vaunted—in tune with the pragmatist ideas that Dewey and Addams liked to discuss—the residents fashioned programs and services in response to the needs that the neighbors voiced. They learned, more or less, to hold their middle-class certainties in check and, at least in theory, to follow the neighbors' lead. Immigrants loved societies, and there were clubs of many sorts: for sports, self-improvement, study, and ethnic unity. They offered kindergarten and nursery care for children; a labor bureau to help people find jobs; theater groups and art groups and reading groups and English classes. Hull House gave space to anyone with a hankering to organize something: women, along with the bored teenagers, were particular beneficiaries, since immigrant culture typically stressed workingmen's fraternal societies that excluded women and the young. It provided services that could be had nowhere else, from public toilets to a Working People's Social Science Club that brought together adepts from various political tendencies and sects—anarchists, socialists, "pure and simple" unionists, Social Gospel Christians, and boosters of capitalism—to debate the issues of the day.

Addams, no longer the invalid debilitated by headaches and lassitude, thrived. She achieved the commingling of classes for which she had longed; and she enjoyed it. Knight brings alive the sheer pleasure of the place: the exuberance of the young adults in their clubs, the racket the children made, the women's gossip about their loves and troubles. When certain of the intellectuals (residents, neighbors, or visitors) started up an argument, she claims, there would have been no better talk to be had anywhere in the country.

Although men also became residents over the years, Hull House remained a

fellowships available

The Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study at Harvard University awards 45 funded residential fellowships each year designed to support scholars, scientists, artists, and writers of exceptional promise and demonstrated accomplishment.

For more information, please contact:
Radcliffe Application Office
34 Concord Ave.
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-496-1324
fellowships@radcliffe.edu
www.radcliffe.edu

RADCLIFFE INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predominantly female community. Addams never married. Her loves were always women, and had she been born later she almost certainly would have lived as a lesbian. Her romantic friendships were stable and long-lived: the first companion with whom she shared a bed was Starr, followed by a younger woman, Mary Rozet Smith, who remained with her the rest of her life. The transition between the two relationships was mostly calm and unruffled. An essentially composed person, Addams seems to have lived most ardently in her work. But the settlement certainly gave scope for intimacies between women that, even in this era of "Boston marriages," would have otherwise been subjected to cold scrutiny.

IN THE 1890S, THE GENERAL PUBLIC and even most reformers viewed immigrants as an untutored vulgar mass, a huge impediment to the development of the nation and undeserving of full citizenship. Disenfranchisement campaigns in the North, driven by support from conservative elites along with some progressives, put in place property, literacy, and residency requirements that, in tandem with Jim Crow in the South, drastically reduced the size of the electorate. Addams was a voteless person herself by virtue of her sex; but she stayed clear of this aspect of the progressive enterprise. She was developing, on the ground, an approach that undercut and at moments directly challenged class superiority. She spoke movingly of Americans' need for one another. She could see past the seemingly irrefutable rhetoric of the deprivations of the poor because she herself had been deprived in the midst of a well-endowed and fully "American" family. She understood what could emerge from a polyglot society because she knew what it was to live inside a narrow homogeneous one.

At the same time, there were limits. Addams's belief in the mutual benefits that accrued in class exchanges still put the burden of self-sacrifice and abnegation on the settlement residents: that is, it was unquestionably they who, having superior resources, sacrificed more—a covert way of introducing condescension into a supposedly mutual relationship. The standard uplift fare of Hull House classes, ennobling subjects that residents offered to theoretically hungry immigrants, must have sometimes fallen flat, though no one ever mentioned it. From her European travels, Addams had gained a faith in the resources of culture to join people together, but one wonders how strong the attendance was for the class on Dante, or who, exactly, was sticking with the group reading *Felix Holt*.

Knight, though, stresses how broad the offerings were and how the *gestalt* changed over time. She judges the chief limitations of the early experiment to lie not in Addams's cultural agenda but in her lofty anti-materialism. Committed to repudiating the material comforts of her own upbringing, she tended to look on the neighbors' struggles for decent wages and living conditions as time taken away from the task of elevating the soul. Raised in the cluttered hothouse of Gilded Age culture, she had no truck with things and the money that purchased them. The problem was that her distaste for materialism made the chronic deprivations that depleted the neighbors' lives literally immaterial. For all her sympathy, Addams at first had difficulty understanding trade unions, and she initially believed that employers, once they really realized that they paid their workers too little, would voluntarily raise wages. In the early years, the political exercise of power in the service of justice lay beyond her comprehension.

THE TURNING POINT CAME IN 1893–1894. The worst depression the country had ever seen began in the fall and deepened over the course of a terrible winter. Millions everywhere lost work: in New York and Chicago, unemployment among adult men ran upward of 40 percent by December. City governments refused to implement relief programs like the public works measures used to good effect in New York during the Panic of 1857. In this era before the New Deal, federal and state aid was inconceivable. Chicago's civic culture was dense, and hundreds of associations, fraternal societies, clubs, and reform groups stepped in; but private charity could only ameliorate. Massive evictions and homelessness followed. Desperate people overwhelmed Hull House. While the settlement did what it could to set up cooperative workshops and free social services, the brutal hardship forced Addams to move away from her faith in the resources of the imagination and the spirit. She began to grapple with economic explanations of poverty and to gravitate toward some version of Christian socialism.

In the spring, the workers in Pullman, the company town outside Chicago that made Pullman sleeper and dining cars for the railroads, went on strike in response to a series of drastic wage cuts. The owner-philanthropist George Pullman retaliated by locking out the entire workforce of three thousand men. The president of the railway-workers' union was Eugene V. Debs, the charismatic leader and orator who would run for president five times (first in 1900) as a Socialist. Pullman absolutely refused any mediation, though Chicago's Civic Federation of leaders and businessmen, recognizing the gravity of the situation, had formed a "Conciliation Board." A month into the stalemate, with Pullman intransigent, the union called a nationwide sympathy strike. In this age of railroads, the entire country was shut down, including urban streetcar systems.

The Pullman strike accelerated Addams's education in the cruelties of laissez-faire capitalism, and in the positive role that unions played. Her faith that employers meant well was shaken by George Pullman's refusal to submit the dispute to arbitration. In contrast to the arrogant Pullman, Debs threw down the gauntlet (he declared the strike a contest between workers and the "money power") but nonetheless worked hard to keep his troops within the law. Backed by the powerful women's wing in the Civic Federation, Addams emerged as a major force, the one reformer who was patient and persevering enough to gain a hearing from the union. Aided by Debs's interest in settling, but almost single-handedly among reformers, she helped bring the union to the bargaining table.

But Pullman would have none of it. To Addams, it became clear that it was Pullman, not the union, who was prolonging the strike and doing what he could to provoke the workers to violence. The Cleveland administration raised the stakes by sending in a thousand federal troops and acquiring an injunction against the union. Chicago turned into an armed camp, soldiers squaring off against strikers and thousands of other angry, hungry, jobless men. A railroad agent's shot into an angry crowd in the railroad yards touched off mayhem, and workers rioted. The crowd violence in turn justified more troops, and more soldiers poured into the city. The country was gridlocked, and the press charged that the strike was led by anarchists, a lethal accusation in light of Haymarket less

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than ten years earlier. Within a few weeks it was over, the union broken and labor taught the lesson that employers, with the law and the government on their side, could grind down the most powerful demonstration of national solidarity that the country had ever seen.

ADDAMS OCCUPIED A DISTINCT position, vilified by the right and criticized by the left. For her pains, she lost major donors; Hull House, always short of funds, struggled to keep going. Some wealthy backers saw her as an ignorant woman who should have known better, and others branded her a class traitor. She reported to Dewey one businessman's charge "that like an idiot she had mixed herself in something which was none of her business and about which she knew nothing." From the other side, union men and their supporters blamed her for not taking a stronger pro-labor stance. In an intensely polarized city, the great sympathizer had almost no sympathizers herself.

Was class antagonism inevitable? The lessons of Pullman would seem to have been clear, but Addams held onto her Tolstoyan faith that conflict was useless and harmful. Even Christ's eruption at the moneylenders in the temple could have been avoided, she thought, if he had thought more carefully. She and Dewey argued, amicably: he did not share her unshaken belief in ideal unities. But as she mulled over the puzzle of George Pullman, the philanthropist turned tyrant, she came to a new understanding of how idealism could harden into self-righteousness and moral absolutism. Knight draws out the salience of the shift. For the child of John Addams, "moral absolutism was the rock on which her confident upper-middle-class Anglo-American culture was grounded." "Tectonic plates were shifting," according to Knight's assessment of a seminal article Addams wrote about Pullman, comparing him to King Lear. "A new land mass of moral complexity was arising."

In that new moral country, Addams could see the importance of politics—not just politics in the abstract, but politics down in the mud. Practicing politics meant defining problems that could be addressed, identifying allies, and acquiring and wielding power. She had seen George Pullman use political power for destructive, self-serving ends, and now she, an unenfranchised woman, would work to do something different. In a charming section of her book, Knight shows how Addams began with garbage, the stuff that was knee-deep in the streets of their ward. Addams tells the story in *Twenty Years at Hull-House*, but Knight brings out its full significance.

Recall that in the 1890s, cities were still packed with animals—horses for transport, and pigs and cattle for meat—and that most tenements were not connected to the sewer system. Couple that with the fact that the contracts for garbage collection were plums in the system of graft and kickbacks, and you get some sense of the problem. In the city elections in 1895, municipal reformers seized a number of aldermen's seats from the Democratic bosses. Addams was appointed garbage inspector for her ward, and she was determined to clean up the trash. Three mornings a week she left Hull House at 5 o'clock, accompanied by her deputy, another female resident, and followed the contractors' wagons on their rounds. Predictably, the two women did much more than the job required. They persuaded the chief contractor to increase the number of wagons, hired special crews to clean up piles of waste (ashes, manure) that were not technically garbage, set up incinerators, and instituted a way to ensure that dead horses and cows were hauled away. "The position was no sinecure," she recalled dryly. Neighborhood improvements were one part of a broad-based effort to improve conditions for the city's workers in the aftermath of Pullman. In the late 1890s, Hull House expanded its reach to anti-sweatshop legislation, public health, and trade-union organizing.

WHILE PRESERVING ADdams's essential modesty, Knight is still able to show what a powerful operator she was becoming. The book stops in 1899, before Addams's national career was under way. She would go on to advise Theodore Roosevelt on child-labor legislation, and to become instrumental in the Progressive Party that backed him for president in 1912, and to lead citizens' relief and peacekeeping efforts during and after World War I, and to receive the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931. One hopes for a second volume of Knight's fine work. In

Bard FICTION PRIZE

Bard College invites submissions for its annual Fiction Prize for young writers.

The Bard Fiction Prize is awarded annually to a promising, emerging writer who is a United States citizen aged 39 years or younger at the time of application. In addition to a monetary award of $30,000, the winner receives an appointment as writer-in-residence at Bard College for one semester without the expectation that he or she teach traditional courses. The recipient will give at least one public lecture and will meet informally with students.

To apply, candidates should write a cover letter describing the project they plan to work on while at Bard and submit a C.V., along with three copies of the published book they feel best represents their work. No manuscripts will be accepted.

Applications for the 2007 prize must be received by July 15, 2006. For further information about the Bard Fiction Prize, call 845-758-7087, send an e-mail to bfp@bard.edu, or visit www.bard.edu/bfp. Applicants may also request information by writing to the Bard Fiction Prize, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504-5000.

Bard College PO Box 5000, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504-5000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the revisions of progressivism now under way, it would be good to know how Addams managed to establish herself as a major voice in this era before women were fully citizens; and to see how successfully her political philosophy and her Chicago experimental mode translated into federal initiatives.

This first part of the biography is more intensely personal. It is the story of a young woman who spurned the claptrap of the Gilded Age—its certainties about the superiority of the few and the inferiority of the many, its obsession with possessions, its disgusting celebration of wealth—for a life devoted to sympathy with and service to people she deemed her fellow citizens. But curiously, for all its inherent interest, it could not be called a resonant story. Addams's affection for her fellow Americans and her pleasure in living among them strikes few chords today in our own Gilded Age. By 1900, a stay in a settlement house was *de rigueur* for new college graduates who wanted to make the world better. Now, few things could seem less appealing to the best of my college students; what Addams called "the subjective necessity of the settlement"—the need to be in contact with others different from oneself—is more likely to propel young idealists to go live with the poor in the *barrios* of Mexico City or the shantytowns of Johannesburg rather than Chicago, Boston, or New York.

Cosmopolitanism now enchants imaginations the way that what could be called Americanism once captivated Addams. But something has been lost in translation: the faith that citizens, in consort with people drastically unlike themselves, could create something rich and endlessly pleasurable out of the stuff of a national polity. Addams, like her immigrant neighbors, was born to live one life and made her way into a very different one. In the process she, and the neighbors, created something that, for all its imperfections, was a model of how people might come to interest one another and, consequently, respect one another. That is one psychic resource of American democracy. ■

Joseph Frank
Patrimonies

RUSSIAN CONSERVATISM AND ITS CRITICS: A STUDY IN POLITICAL CULTURE
By Richard Pipes
(Yale University Press, 216 pp., $30)

VIXI: MEMOIRS OF A NON-BELONGER
By Richard Pipes
(Yale University Press, 264 pp., $19)

RICHARD PIPES HAS HAD an extremely distinguished career both as a historian specializing in Russian history and culture and as a member of the Reagan administration. These books deal with both these aspects of his life, and one helps to illuminate the other. His views on Russian history, particularly as they related to the Soviet Union, attracted the attention of politicians such as Senator Henry Jackson, and he was invited to testify before Senate commissions and finally to accept a temporary position on the National Security Council. His memoirs offer an extremely interesting, if highly partial, glimpse into the people and personalities who affected American policy toward Russia during the Reagan era; but it is not with this aspect of his activity that I will be concerned here. It is primarily with his views on Russian history, which for a long period placed him in opposition to the ideas then prevailing among students of the subject. These views are amply illustrated in his volume on Russian conservatism; and his memoirs help to clarify the manner in which his particular interpretation of Russian history evolved and took its final shape.

Pipes provides a vivid picture of his childhood and personal life as a member of an assimilated Polish-Jewish family before and after arriving in the United States at the age of sixteen. As an adolescent, he led a very active intellectual existence. In a notebook entry written just before his family quit Poland, he depicts himself during the bombing of Warsaw by the Luftwaffe: "We slept fully dressed ... I slept alone on the sixth floor reading Nietzsche's *Will to Power* ... or writing notes for my essay on Giotto." He was interested in art, music, and philosophy, and although "in the late 1930s I heard muffled sounds of appalling events taking place in the Soviet Union ... I had no idea what these were and I was not terribly interested in finding out." Examining his later views, however, he now concedes that "coming from Poland, a country which had bordered Russia for a thousand years and lived under its occupation for over a century, I unconsciously shared Polish attitudes toward Russia"—attitudes that could only have been highly critical.

Such a background was quite different from the innocence that he encountered at a small college in Ohio, which he entered quite haphazardly after arriving in the United States. Word had gotten around that he read Nietzsche, and the vice president of the school told him to put Nietzsche aside because "I should not lose faith in mankind, people were basically good and life fair." It was no wonder that he found it impossible to persuade his American interlocutors, who were staunchly Republican and isolationist (how times have changed!), of the monstrosities of Nazism. Pipes's own experience had included not only the Luftwaffe, but also the endemic anti-Semitism of Polish culture; and although this had been relatively mild compared with what occurred under German occupation, it had nonetheless acquainted him with some darker aspects of reality. What he says about the attitude of Polish Jewry toward the German occupation, from which he and his family were luckily able to flee, also helps to illuminate some of his later views.

The Orthodox Polish Jews, living in communities isolated from the modern world, were scarcely aware of what to expect (or so Pipes continues to believe). But even the assimilated Jews, though more apprehensive, still incredibly assumed they could survive, as Jews had always done in the past, by making themselves useful to the conquerors in carrying out the tasks of ordinary life. (Fortunately

Joseph Frank is a professor emeritus of comparative literature and Slavic languages and literature at Stanford University and the author, most recently, of DOSTOEVSKY: THE MANTLE OF THE PROPHET, 1871–1881 *(Princeton University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pipes's father was more prescient.) Most refused to recognize that "the people they had to deal with now were motivated not by economic self-interest but by insane racial hatred—a hatred that could not be appeased." To assume that the motivation of one's enemy is essentially similar to one's own can be a fatal error; and according to Pipes, the majority of scholars who studied the Soviet Union after the end of World War II were guilty of precisely such a misjudgment.

PIPES LEARNED RUSSIAN WHILE serving in the U.S. Army during the war, picking it up very easily because of its similarity to his native Polish. As a graduate student at Harvard after being demobilized, he intended to study philosophy and law, but he shifted his attention to Russian history. His first book, which focused on the problem of nationalism and communism in the formation of the Soviet Union, already brought him into opposition to the reigning ideas on the subject. Even George Kennan, "a well-informed and clear-headed expert," assumed that the numerous nationalities of which Soviet Russia was composed bore the same relation to each other as the various states in the United States. Pipes's studies convinced him of the error of such an analogy, and that Russia was "a multinational empire." "I was left with no doubt," he writes, "that should central authority in Russia weaken again, as had happened in 1917, the empire would fall apart. This prediction was vigorously contested by nearly all Russian specialists." Of course, events have proved him correct.

Pipes's hard-nosed views of Russian communism tended to bring him into conflict with what he calls "the Sovietological community," and he offers a polemical but quite persuasive analysis of its deficiencies. Large-scale concern about the Soviet Union began at the end of World War II, and took off after the launching of Sputnik. It was shadowed by the prospect of a nuclear conflict that was to be avoided at all costs—and so emphasis was placed on the similarities rather than the divergences between the two countries. Moreover, the instinctive American assumption that all people are much the same led to an implicit misinterpretation of Soviet Russian behavior as the result of misunderstandings that could be ironed out by greater contacts and exchanges of ideas. "The net result of this methodology was to depict communist societies as not fundamentally different from democratic ones, a conclusion that reinforced the policy recommendations that we could and should come to terms with them." Pipes cites one well-known scholar who wrote that one could probably find no "significant difference between the way New Haven was administered and any city of similar size in the Soviet Union."

PIPES'S INTELLECTUAL INDEPENDENCE led him toward the study of those aspects of Russian culture and society that offered the most glaring contrasts to those of the West. After completing his work on nationalism, his attention turned to Russian conservatism. As he rightly says, this subject has hardly received attention from Russian scholarship, at home or abroad. The leading histories of Russian culture, even those written before the revolution, focused on opponents of the czarist regime who were advocating changes and reforms. But one reason for studying conservatism, he explains, was his attempt to answer the question of why "a government that had seized power in the name of the most radical ideals ever conceived [turned] so quickly into a bastion of reaction, exploiting radical slogans exclusively for purposes of external expansion." Another was that, as he jotted down in a notebook in 1956–1957, "the conservative movement in Russia is much more indigenous, national, than either liberalism or socialism ... [whose] intellectual content was largely imported from the West whereas conservatism was local both in inception and development."

The first product of this ambition was the rescue from relative oblivion of an important memoir written by the little-known (outside Russia) but important author and historian Nikolay Karamzin, who occupies a significant place in Russian literature as well as Russian thought. Karamzin's *History of the Russian State* was the first history to be widely read, and his stories influenced Dostoevsky, among others. But Pipes concentrates on a memoir that Karamzin wrote for Alexander I just before the Napoleonic invasion of Russia. Alexander was rumored to have been contemplating some measures limiting the powers of autocracy, and "Karamzin argued on the basis of historical evidence that absolutism was Russia's ... protective shield." This "memoir" had not yet been translated or even published in Russian in the scholarly edition that Pipes provided; and he thus performed a valuable service in making it more available.

PIPES HAS WRITTEN THIRTY-EIGHT books, but curiously enough none until the present one has been specifically devoted to Russian conservatism. In his view, Russia differed from all other European countries because, even after the monumental attempt of Peter the Great to transform it in conformity with the Western model, its rulers clung stubbornly and immutably to their own autocratic privileges instead of evolving along representative and democratic lines. In an influential book, *Russia Under the Old Regime*, which appeared in 1974, Pipes expounded a wide-ranging theory that endeavored to explain this anomaly.

Briefly stated, it was a view of Russian society as being "patrimonial," a term initially used by Hobbes and then taken over and amplified by Weber. What it means is that when "the prince organizes his political power ... in the same essential manner as he does his authority over his household, there we speak of a *patrimonial state* structure." The czar thus "owned" everything within the state, which was simply considered his own property. No one individual or group had any right to counteract his power, nor was any distinction made between society and the state. Such a regime is different from despotism because "a despot violates his subjects' property rights; a patrimonial ruler does not even acknowledge their existence." In his new book Pipes cites Machiavelli, who in the sixteenth century contrasted the sultan of Turkey with the king of France by pointing out that the former was "a ruler who treated his subjects like slaves"; and Russia was much closer to Turkey in this respect than to any European country. This "patrimonial" mentality continued to dominate Russian politics up through the collapse of the Soviet Union, and seems to have found a new lease on life under Vladimir Putin.

Russian Conservatism contains a useful summary of these ideas and of a later and more wide-ranging historical inquiry, *Property and Freedom*, which appeared in 1999. Pipes begins by citing his old favorite Karamzin, who wrote that "autocracy has founded and resuscitated Russia," and that "any change in her political constitution has led in the past and must lead in the future to her perdition." Why should this notion have led such a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long Russian life? The chief answer, according to Pipes, is that "throughout European history, the existence of private property constituted the single most effective barrier to unlimited royal authority inasmuch as it compelled the kings to turn to their subjects for financial support and, in the process, to concede to them a share of political power."

Other factors also enter, such as the submissive habits inculcated by the Mongol conquest of Russia for two centuries (and, by contrast, the influence of Roman law on European monarchies). Even feudalism in the West played a part, because it involved a contract between lord and vassal, with mutual obligations on both sides that theoretically placed restraints on the power of the lord—something totally unknown in Russia. But it was the control of the purse strings that made the most crucial difference. A whole host of authorities, beginning in the thirteenth century, are cited by Pipes to illustrate "the sanctity of private property [as] an axiom of European political thought and practice."

POLITICAL CONTROVERSY IN Russia began at about 1500, but the documentary evidence concerning it is scarce and unreliable. Moreover, it had nothing to do with politics as such, but rather with questions regarding church property and how it should be administered and controlled, as well as with ideas considered heretical. One group known as the Judaizers, some of whom were eventually burned at the stake, "translated into Slavonic the Pentateuch, Maimonides ... as well as Western secular works." The opposing sides represented what would become a standard pattern of Russian culture: the conflict between ingrained native customs and reformist ideas from abroad. "On the one side stood men like Maxim the Greek and Nil Sorsky," Pipes writes, "who had come from abroad or who had traveled there and knew foreign languages; on the other Joseph of Volokolmansk and his followers, who neither knew nor wanted to know about foreign ways.... Joseph and his adherents considered Russia "Holy" and God's land ... they were frightened of "corrupting" Russia under foreign influence even of Greek origin."

In Joseph's own writings, which are nothing but citations from one authority or another, he raised the czar to hitherto unknown heights, declaring that while the monarch "in his being is like other men, in his authority he resembles God Almighty." To obey the sovereign "is tantamount to obeying God." This deification of the Russian ruler continued in the sixteenth century. Ivan IV, known as the Terrible, was crowned with the title of czar (Caesar) by the metropolitan of the Russian church, a title later endorsed by the patriarch of Constantinople. After the fall of the Byzantine Empire, this led to the influential doctrine of Russia as the Third Rome, the head of the entire Christian community, as summarized by the monk Filofei: "Two Romes have fallen, the third stands, and a fourth will not be." This claim was buttressed with all sorts of pseudo-historical myths linking Russian history "with that of the Biblical Jews and ancient Romans. ... In his dialogue with the Papal envoy ... Ivan IV claimed that he was descended from a brother of Augustus Caesar called Prus and that Russia had received her Christianity directly from the apostle Andrew." Religion thus was used to reinforce the power of the state and offered no "alternatives to the status quo."

The issue of autocracy was raised for the first time in a purely secular context by Ivan Peresvetov, a Lithuanian who advised the czar to disregard the inherited aristocratic boyar class and follow the example of Mahomet II, the conqueror of the Byzantine Empire. Mahomet collected all taxes himself, placed the nobles on a salary, and promoted by merit instead of rank; he also abolished slavery. The aim of this advice was to make the czar even more powerful and independent, but on the basis of purely historical and non-religious considerations. Contrary counsel was given in an exchange of letters between Ivan IV and Prince Andrei Kurbsky, a Muscovite noble who had lost an important battle and fled to Catholic Lithuania fearing the wrath of the czar. Living abroad, Kurbsky read Aristotle and Cicero, and he referred to "laws of nature" that presumably ruled over czars as well. He thus advised Ivan to welcome "the counsel of eminent men of the realm." But Ivan replied, "How can a man be called an autocrat if he does not govern by himself?" and compared "the rule of many" to "the folly of women."

IT WAS ONLY UNDER PETER THE Great, Pipes observes, that "political theory in the true sense of the term, not as a mere compilation of opinions ... first emerged in Russia." Peter's determination to Westernize his country led to the importation of ideas derived from Bodin, Hobbes, Locke, and others. Hence he adopted the notion, novel for Russia, "that the ruler and his subjects had joint responsibility for promoting the 'common good.'" As a result, instead of merely issuing decrees, in some instances he even condescended to explain their purpose. In practice, however, he "carried on the patrimonial tradition [and] denied Russians any aspirations of their own," since "the common good" included state service not only for the nobility but for all Russians. Peter's execution of his own son Alexis also led to a spate of writings by

Heimatlos

aria from Annalissa Beagle's The Ice God

Don't ask me if I have a home
unless you want to see the fjord open across my face,
the water that cuts into the land as if looking
for a place to cease and be safe
from tides.

Don't ask me if I have a home
if you can't bear to hear
of the years of wandering, the false starts,
the tender song that shuddered with the knowledge
of the second verse's sigh.

And don't ask me if I have a home
unless you've seen the place
for me, with a kitchen window
where the sun sits, and a plate
of yellow and blue.

Don't ask me if I have a home
because the homeless veer like a flock across a field,
panicked sideways at the failing light that sends them
southward, to the end
of seasons.

APRIL BERNARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erudite scholars arguing that the absolute authority of the czar gave him the right to bequeath his patrimony to anyone he wished and to exclude his eldest son.

The inconsistency that one observes in Peter, who desired to adopt Western ideas and to stifle their consequences, continued to haunt all attempts to reform Russian institutions. Nowhere is this more apparent than with Catherine the Great, the friend of Voltaire and Diderot, who even drew up a *Nakaz*, "a kind of philosophical treatise defining the principles of sound government," four-fifths of which was cribbed from Montesquieu. But Catherine, as Pipes notes, " 'borrowed' from him in a highly selective manner, ignoring his doctrine of freedom and the separation of powers as freedom's precondition." Montesquieu distinguished between monarchy and despotism by viewing the first as ruled by "fixed and established laws," whereas in the second, "one alone directs everything by his own will and caprice." Montesquieu himself considered Catherine to be a despot, despite her efforts to appear otherwise.

Especially after the French Revolution broke out, Catherine brooked no opposition to her own authority, persecuting and finally imprisoning a harmless publicist named Nicholas Novikov, who established a printing press that, among its usual philanthropic and mildly satirical publications, also issued the first overt attack on serfdom. Novikov, who had joined a Masonic lodge in Moscow to which Karamzin also belonged, was active in organizing famine relief—though Catherine herself had written to Voltaire that "in Russia there is no peasant who does not eat a chicken whenever he feels like it." To explain such a delusory statement, Pipes offers a choice between hypocrisy and "intellectual schizophrenia." He decides on the latter, in which wishes are detached from realities.

The same situation occurred with Catherine's grandson Alexander I, who told his Swiss tutor that "once crowned he would convene a representative assembly to draft a constitution that would divest him of all authority." All sorts of reforms were discussed by Alexander and a group of intimates who had lived abroad, and a document guaranteeing freedom of speech and religion was drawn up, supposedly to be announced at Alexander's coronation. "But for some reason this was not done, and it remained a dead letter." One of Pipes's heroes, Michael Speransky, helped to write this document, and his name may be more familiar to non-specialists in Russian history than most of the others: readers of *War and Peace*, which Pipes regrettably does not mention, will recall that Prince Andrey Bolkonsky at one point serves in Speransky's cabinet. At first, much impressed with Speransky's ideas about reform, he undertakes the task assigned him of revising the Civil Code; "and with the aid of the *Code Napoleon* and the Institutes of Justinian he worked at formulating the section on Personal Rights." A bit later in the novel, he thinks of a recent trip home to his estate and of his impressions of and experiences with the peasants: "Mentally applying to them the Personal Rights he had divided into paragraphs, he felt astonished that he could have spent so much time on such useless work."

Tolstoy's image of Speransky is quite deprecatory, but Pipes believes that the merits of this statesman have been neglected in accounts of Russian thought because officials of the czarist establishment are not usually considered part of the country's intellectual life. Also, the full extent of his "reform projects" was entirely unknown until the twentieth century. Still, Speransky gained the admiration of Napoleon, who jokingly offered to trade a kingdom for him; and he was the first Russian political thinker to stress the importance for a government of obtaining the support of public opinion. He saw the governments of his own day as evolving inevitably from autocracy to republicanism, with Russia gradually moving from the former to the latter.

He also prophetically defined the problem that, as Pipes sees it, would continue "to plague Russia for the next one hundred years." "What a contradiction," Speransky wrote, "to desire sciences, commerce and industry and to thwart their most natural consequences; to wish the mind to be free and the will to be in shackles." Speransky's downfall was caused at least in part by the criticism of his ideas by Karamzin, to whom Pipes now returns. In Karamzin's view, unlimited autocracy was the only possible form of government for Russia.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE REIGN of Alexander I were marked by an obscurantism that appeared to eliminate any possibility of liberalization. The result was the Decembrist uprising of 1825. The Russian armies had occupied France and Germany for three years, and such a prolonged contact with European life made the Russian nobility aware, as one of them put it, that "it was possible to have civic order and flourishing kingdoms without slavery." This realization led to the formation of various secret societies that developed plans to replace uncontrolled autocracy. One group preferred constitutional monarchy; another, more radical, opted for a republic. On the death of Alexander, they attempted to seize power in a coup more public than the palace revolutions of the past; but it was ludicrously unsuccessful and easily overcome by the new czar, Nicholas I. Five Decembrists were hanged, and more than one hundred sent into exile to Siberia. The effect of the Décembrist revolt was only to strengthen the conservative, pro-autocratic forces already ruling Russian affairs.

Writers such as Pushkin and Gogol, both of whom supported the regime of Nicholas I, also come within Pipes's purview, though their opinions are only remotely related to actual politics. Much less familiar, though quite important, is Pyotr Chaadaev, who was influenced by French Roman Catholic opponents of their own revolution such as Bonald and de Maistre. (Pipes neglects to note that the latter lived in Russia for a number of years, and wrote a book called *Soirées de St. Petersbourg*, and makes a pallid appearance in *War and Peace* as the Vicomte de Mortemart.) A former dandy and elegant Guards officer, Chaadaev shocked his contemporaries by declaring that Russia had no future because it had adopted Christianity from "miserable Byzantium, the object of profound contempt of the Northern nations." Declared insane by order of the czar, he later changed his mind and wrote "Apology of a Madman," in which he argued that the barrenness of Russia's past augured well

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE/PERSONAL ASSISTANT

New York City—Highly intelligent, resourceful individuals with exceptional communication skills sought to undertake research projects and administrative tasks for one of Wall Street's most successful entrepreneurs. We welcome applications from writers, musicians, artists, or others who may be pursuing other professional goals in the balance of their time. $90-110k/yr to start (depending on qualifications). Resume to: gen8R@spsfind.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for its future since the way was clear for innovation. The Slavophile movement was partly a response to Chaadaev, glorifying a mythical version of the Russian past as based on peaceful acceptance of autocratic rule rather than the violence of the West. The Slavophiles also developed "a political theory that in some ways was innovative." State and society were sharply separated; and while unlimited autocracy had its legitimate sphere in the first, the state had no right to "encroach on the private lives of its citizens." Of course, nothing came of this second idea in practice.

RUSSIA'S DEFEAT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR led to a series of reforms under Alexander II, the Czar-Liberator, that initiated a new era in Russian history. The serfs were freed in 1861, "city councils and rural *zemstvas*" (councils) were created that included peasant deputies, and "Russia for the first time got an independent judiciary and trial by jury." As a result, "Russian conservatism now was broadened to include the nation at large"; but while in the past it had been cosmopolitan, "it now acquired nationalistic and in more extreme cases, chauvinistic, xenophobic and anti-Semitic forms."

Pipes now turns to figures such as Mikhail Katkov, the influential magazine editor who published Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky. Beginning as an admirer of English constitutionalism, he ended by asking for the abolition of trial by jury and the deprivation of the autonomy of the universities. Less prominent is Iury Samarin, a conservative of a distinguished noble family who helped to write the legislation freeing the serfs. But he opposed any weakening of the autocracy, even though he was in favor of freedom of speech and the press and other reforms, because he believed that the Russian people were not yet capable of dealing with the issues of government. The Slavophiles also became more viciously reactionary as time went on, and Pipes speaks of their most influential spokesman, Ivan Aksakov, as "anticipating the notorious *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*" in his fulminations against the Jews.

Dostoevsky makes his appearance in this section, although Pipes rightly says that "his greatness ... lay not in political analysis ... but in the grasp he had of the underlying psychological implications of radicalism, which he understood better than any of his contemporaries." Indeed, he not only understood it, he also portrayed it with such power that one wonders whether, in opposing radicalism, Dostoevsky did not also inadvertently arouse sympathy for it at the same time. It is hardly accurate, though, to speak of him as having had only "a brief youthful flirtation with radical ideas." His so-called "flirtation" included membership in a secret underground organization in which he played an active role, an organization that hoped to stir up a revolution against serfdom.

Dostoevsky's affiliation with such a group only became established long after his death, and he lived with this secret all his life. This helps to explain both his devotion to Alexander II, who had accomplished Dostoevsky's revolutionary aim, and his ability to portray his major radical characters as locked in irresolvable moral and psychological conflicts. The solution could be found only in a genuine Christianity that Dostoevsky tended to identify with Russian Orthodoxy, and thus with a return to the beliefs of the traditionally Christian Russian people, who staunchly exhibited an unfaltering devotion to their autocratic czar—whose family, incidentally, included admirers of Dostoevsky's novels.

One of Dostoevsky's intimates in the later years of his life was Konstantin Pobedonostsev, the procurator of the Holy Synod, the highest non-clerical official of the Russian church. Initially a professor of civil law at the University of Moscow, he had also been the tutor of Alexander III, who succeeded to the throne after the assassination of his father by the radical Nihilists. They had turned to terrorism after having been unable to make any headway among the people. Pobedonostsev was influential in persuading his ex-pupil not to carry out the extremely modest reform that, as a means of combating Nihilist influence, was being considered at the time of his father's death. This reform would have consisted of creating committees elected by city councils and *zemstvas* to consult with the government; their function would be purely advisory. But such a proposal reminded its opponents too much of the Estates General convened for advice by Louis XVI at the beginning of the French Revolution, and it was put aside. Instead the czar issued a manifesto declaring that he would maintain an unalloyed autocracy, and Katkov welcomed it "like manna from heaven." In 1896, in a book translated as *Reflections of a Russian Statesman*, Pobedonostsev denounced all the institutions of Western democracy as leading to disaster.

Give The New Republic to your favorite student.
Subscribe at www.tnr.com/gift

THE LAST TWO CHAPTERS OF the book deal with what Pipes calls "conservative liberals," that is, a group of publicists and one or two politicians who were strong supporters of the monarchy but believed that, without weakening its powers, the autocratic rule could nonetheless profit from more consultation with *zemstva* organizations closer to local concerns. Nothing of the sort occurred, however, and Pipes considers "the most fatal mistake committed by tsarism in the late nineteenth century" to be the rejection by Nicholas II, shortly after his coronation, of the numerous requests addressed to the crown that he move in this direction. "By repelling the moderates it pushed them into the arms of the radicals."

In October 1905, however, a general strike that paralyzed the country led to the promise to grant the country a constitution and an elected legislature. This was done; but the provisions of the constitution were constantly violated. Pipes's hero at this point is Peter Stolypin, hailed as "Imperial Russia's last great statesman," who became prime minister in 1906 and was assassinated in 1911. One of his major aims was to abolish the peasant commune, which had been seen on both the right and left as the bulwark against the formation of a European proletariat. But it had not prevented the formation of a rural proletariat, and it served as a brake on the economic initiative of the peasantry.

What Stolypin desired was the formation of a class of small peasant landowners, who would provide a bulwark against revolutionary upheaval because of their ownership of property. He also proposed, unsuccessfully, a sweeping series of reforms that would have reversed "the tradition of Russian governments of treating society as a body without legitimate interests of its own, whose sole function was to serve the state." A few years later the Russian Revolution broke out, and "a new form of autocracy came into being, far more despotic and lawless than the previous one." Lenin defined the "dictatorship of the proletariat" as "power that is limited by nothing," and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Russian patrimonial tradition thus continued to reign, adorned with new, Marxist-Leninist trappings.

THERE IS A PASSAGE IN *VIXI* IN which Pipes describes an idea that occurred to him after comparing his impressions of visits to both Soviet Russia and China. "Ideas accommodate themselves," he concluded, "to the cultural soil on which they fall. Thus Marxism in Scandinavia, where traditions of property and law were relatively strong, evolved first into social democracy and then into the democratic welfare state. In Russia, where both traditions were weakly developed, it reinforced the autocratic, patrimonial heritage." The persistence of this heritage came to my mind when, in *The New York Times* a few months ago, I read an article by Andrei Illarionov, who had been an economic adviser to Vladimir Putin before resigning in protest in December.

What caused his resignation were the efforts being made by Putin to reappropriate the private-sector companies that had been acquired by individuals, and to establish what Illarionov calls state-corporatism over which Russian citizens have little or no control. "Companies that are still in private hands resemble ever more closely their state-owned siblings," he writes. "Any request from the state, whether it's a donation to a project or the sale of the company itself to 'correct' buyers—is fulfilled." The result, he sadly declares, is that even though Russia may be richer, it is no longer free. Are we not seeing here the re-appearance of the patrimonial tradition, now in a refurbished pseudo-capitalist guise? Richard Pipes's valuable book, besides being a sweeping and learned historical survey, may help us to understand better some of the unhappy anomalies of post-Gorbachev Russia. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

continued from page 5

principle of the creed—namely the "natural right" of "all peoples" to self-determination. Klein's view notwithstanding, this is not my idiosyncratic pet version of Zionism; it's a quote from Israel's Declaration of Independence. Ignoring it the way Gorenberg does makes the whole controversy over settlement incomprehensible. As an account of "what actually happened," even a journalistic one, this is not a minor flaw.

BIG DIG

EZRA KLEIN'S PIECE ON CHARLES Murray amounts to little more than an argument from incredulity ("Mr. Big," April 10). As a reader, I'm accustomed to more substantive critiques. Klein compares the administrative costs of Medicare (2 percent) with private insurance (14 percent) while failing to address what percentage of said costs are due to regulatory compliance for the latter. And are administrative costs measured the same for businesses and bureaucracies? (Klein's argument is a straw man, anyway. Murray purposefully omits discussion of bureaucratic savings.) Murray's idea is worth taking seriously for a host of reasons, including the help it can give in ridding the United States of an ever-expanding paternalist behemoth that keeps perverse incentives in place. Spending on Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid already takes up 7.5 percent of our entire GDP.

MAX BORDERS
Arlington, Virginia

EZRA KLEIN RESPONDS:
In answer to Max Borders's questions, Medicare must comply with government regulations as well—the difference is that it doesn't have squadrons of bean counters denying claims. As for exempting bureaucracies, Murray bases much of his argument on the government's supposed inefficiency; the reason he provides no evidence—say, higher administration costs or comparatively rapid spending growth—is that his argument is wrong.

SMELLING WALT

"THE ISRAEL LOBBY AND U.S. Foreign Policy" is not Stephen Walt's first venture into the genre of Middle East fiction ("Oil and Vinegar," April 10). The September/October 2005 issue of *Foreign Affairs* contains an article by him called "TAMING AMERICAN POWER." There are more than a few howlers, but one should suffice to illuminate Walt's willingness to ignore truth in his quest to demonize Israel and the United States: "Moreover, the United States' main opponents have themselves repeatedly indicated that problematic U.S. policies are their primary concern. For example, bin Laden has made it clear that his hatred is fueled by opposition to what he regards as unjust U.S. actions in the Middle East, not to American values per se."

If one is to believe this, one also has to believe that Osama bin Laden has no problem with education for women, democratic governance, the worship of many gods other than Allah, Jews and Christians holding key public offices, and equal rights for gays. And Harvard gave this man an academic position of some prestige and power!

DAVID G. EPSTEIN
San Diego, California

MEX VEX

PETER BEINART OBVIOUSLY HAS NOT visited public schools in Southern California, or our community hospitals, or our jails, which are overflowing with newly arrived Latinos ("Mexican Standoff," April 10). Beinart has the gall to pretend that representative low-wage American jobs are never filled by citizens—and that recently arrived immigrants do not perpetuate poverty in the United States. I can remember when citizens held most janitorial jobs in Los Angeles and drove most taxicabs in Washington, D.C. Beinart also paints an erroneous picture of Mexico as a source of vast poverty. But the third-richest person in the world, according to *Forbes*—just behind Bill Gates and Warren Buffett—is Carlos Slim Helú of Mexico. Also, the American ambassador to Mexico, Tony Garza, just married the richest woman in Mexico, María Asunción Aramburuzabala of the Grupo Modelo bottling business (the maker of Corona). So it appears that Mexico has lots to offer besides poverty.

DANIEL ELIASON
Santa Barbara, California

DIRTY HARI

RYAN LIZZA CALLS ANDY CARD'S departure a "hari-kari moment" ("Card Away," April 10). I have no quarrel with the allusion to Card's symbolic suicide, but I do protest the use of "hari kari." In fact, the ritual Japanese suicide to which he refers is called hara kiri (or seppuku). Hari kari, which sounds more like a beloved baseball announcer's name, is a known (but not very literate) derivative.

LISA HAWKS
via e-mail

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EAST GRINSTEAD DIARIST

The Shire

THE AREA AROUND LONDON in southern Britain—the cozy rural and suburban pillow upon which the capital rests—has long had a comforting name: the home counties. I'm not even sure where this phrase came from. But, like what was once called the "Home Service" on BBC radio, it soothes the ear and calms the soul. This could easily be seen as J.R.R. Tolkien's "Shire," its countryside reminiscent of Tolkien's boyhood Warwickshire, and bounded, as Tolkien's Shire was, by downs and forests.

I GREW UP IN IT, AND, GOING BACK RECENTLY, it struck me how rural it really is. My house was built at the end of a road that then became a dirt track, a place we dubbed "the bumpy way," because of the few occasions a car tried to navigate it. Beyond it, there were copses and brooks and fallow meadows. Although my actual home life was often unsettling, the countryside I loved as a boy was always a refuge. I could build little forts in the forests there, and wage imaginary wars on my friends, or clamber into trees and while away the long English summer days with a book. Parents let children wander around then, unsupervised. As long as we were back by dusk, which could easily be after 10 p.m., no one worried.

THE SOUNDS AND SMELLS ARE STILL THE same. I grew up with the birds' dawn chorus outside my window and the sporadic, ear-splitting screams of vixen foxes at night. They're still there. Taking my fiancé through the April mud, I smelled the wild garlic flowers again, and I saw the first signs of the bluebells that, pretty soon, will turn the entire undergrowth into a sea of purple. I'd forgotten how damp everything always is: the moss and lichen everywhere, the rotting wood from fallen tree-branches, the rust of iron in the tiny little streams that course through the woodland. "We're in a drought," my dad explained. He wasn't kidding.

MY HOMETOWN IS A BIT OF A NATIONAL joke, a place famed as a backwater of semi-suburban hell. In Alan Ayckbourn's play trilogy, *The Norman Conquests*, an adulterous affair is secretly conducted in the town, because, as *Wikipedia* gently puts it, "no reasonable person would consider vacationing there." But it has a history. It is a real place. East Grinstead was, in Anglo-Saxon times, just "Grinstede," or "Grimstead"—old English for a clearing in the woods. I spotted it recently in the Folger Library in Washington on an old map that Shakespeare would have recognized. Henry VIII used to hunt near here. My brother just bought a house minutes from where we grew up. It dates from 1575, with roof beams of medieval size. When my altitudinous partner entered, it really was like Gandalf at Bilbo's.

I LEARNED AT OXFORD OF THE TOWN'S Catholic context, perched on the northern edge of the very orthodox county of Sussex before the Reformation. That ended, of course. And the church I knew as a boy was a relatively new structure: Victorian. Its Catholicism in the 1960s and 1970s was a lovely mix of old ritual and Second Vatican Council openness. I remember it best festooned with May blossoms in honor of Our Lady. At my elementary school, we were divided into sports teams named after shrines to the Virgin Mary: Walsingham, Hartley, La Salette, Lourdes. I was in Walsingham. Our color was blue. You don't forget these things.

ON THE NIGHT BEFORE EASTER, WE went to my childhood church for the vigil. The statues are the same: repainted in a garish hue. The scent of the incense is unchanged, along with the strange smell it creates when mixed with the fumes from the Chinese takeout next door. The lighting, if possible, is worse. For some reason—probably curmudgeons who can't read the hymnals—churches are no longer spooky places of mystery and candles. They are lit like supermarkets, which can be a little unsparing on the pallid, pinched English visage.

I LOOKED AROUND. SO MANY HOURS FOR so many years in that little place. That was where the other altar boy tried to make me laugh during Mass. Here was where I received my first Holy Communion. There's the piano from my old living room, now donated to the church. The current priest is much better than the ditherer I recall. It turns out he is a former Church of England vicar who converted. Despite the fact that he's married and has children, the Holy Father was happy to have him and many other married, former Anglicans ordained. God's rules are unchangeable, you understand, until they're changed.

ON ANOTHER DAY, I TOOK MY BETTER half to the town I had barely visited in two decades. I found my way around—even through obscure back alleys and footpaths—by an internal compass. It was a little depressing, to tell the truth. I remember local shops with fresh goods, even a big bustling outdoor market on some Saturdays, with live cattle and poultry. Now it's boutique coffee shops, realtors (the price of property is beyond belief), charity outlets, and Thai, Indian, Italian, Greek, and tapas restaurants. Muhammad, the Iranian exile who drove the taxi from the railway station, and who'd lived in East Grinstead almost from the moment I left it, lamented the change. "I don't know why the council allows it," he sighed. Neither do I.

BUT, WANDERING OFF THE HIGH STREET, I did something I had never done as a child. I walked into the graveyard of the church, St. Swithun's, whose spire can be seen for miles. I don't really recall why I had never been there as a boy. They were Protestants, I suppose. The Other. The graves went back centuries; but three stood out. They were tombstones lying flat on the ground, next to each other, near the path to the church entrance. The inscriptions ran across all three, as if to keep them united in death. A family? I looked closer. They were dedicated to three people who had been burned at the stake in the High Street in 1556, just a few yards to my left. The etched stones, weathered now, recalled their sacrifice for "the reformed faith."

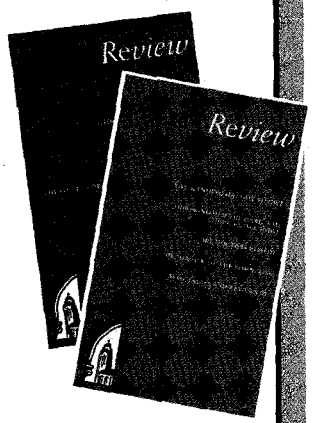
RIGHT HERE, IN ENGLAND, THE FIRES of fundamentalism had once burned bright—in the town I grew up in, in front of my own eyes, which had never been open enough to see. No one had ever told me. In the Catholic Church I grew up in, it was never discussed. But there it was, in my own home. In the comfy safety of the Shire, Mordor loomed. It always will.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutting-Edge Commentary on Public Policy

POLICY REVIEW



SUBSCRIBE
Receive six bimonthly issues for only $36 a year.

FREE ISSUE
Receive a complimentary issue of the latest Policy Review without obligation.

Call 877.558.3727 or visit www.policyreview.org

In the new issue of *Policy Review*

The Shadow of the Bomb, 2006

Keeping nukes away from bad actors

[W]e have to ask: Is it possible for the United States and its friends to agree on criteria for diplomatic initiatives to head off other crises like the one we now face in North Korea and the one looming with Iran? And if the diplomatic initiatives fail in North Korea and Iran, and perhaps elsewhere in the future, will we be able to agree on criteria appropriate for imposing sanctions and, perhaps, eventually for initiating forceful actions against those who insist on moving ahead toward acquiring nuclear capabilities and are behaving aggressively? The experience at the United Nations leading up to the invasion of Iraq shows how difficult that challenge will be. A serious effort to come to such agreements will have to start by restoring and strengthening the international consensus against nuclear proliferation, and defining clear responsibilities and authority for action by the UN Security Council.

—Sidney D. Drell

Are Doctors Biased?

The factors underlying disparities in treatment

Ultimately, improvement in the quality of care and self-care would elevate the status of minority health appreciably. But the greater public-health good would be served by applying these goals to all underserved people rather than focusing on minorities. By focusing on those with the worst health, the targets of intervention will still turn out to be poor minority groups, but they will include lower-class whites as well. For example, establishing screening (for cancer, diabetes, or hypertension) or wellness-education programs in benighted areas such as southeast Washington, D.C., or the Watts neighborhood of Los Angeles would benefit all residents and shrink overall racial differentials in health outcome because they would disproportionately target minorities.

—Sally Satel and Jonathan Klick

To read more, call 877.558.3727 for a free copy of the latest *Policy Review*.

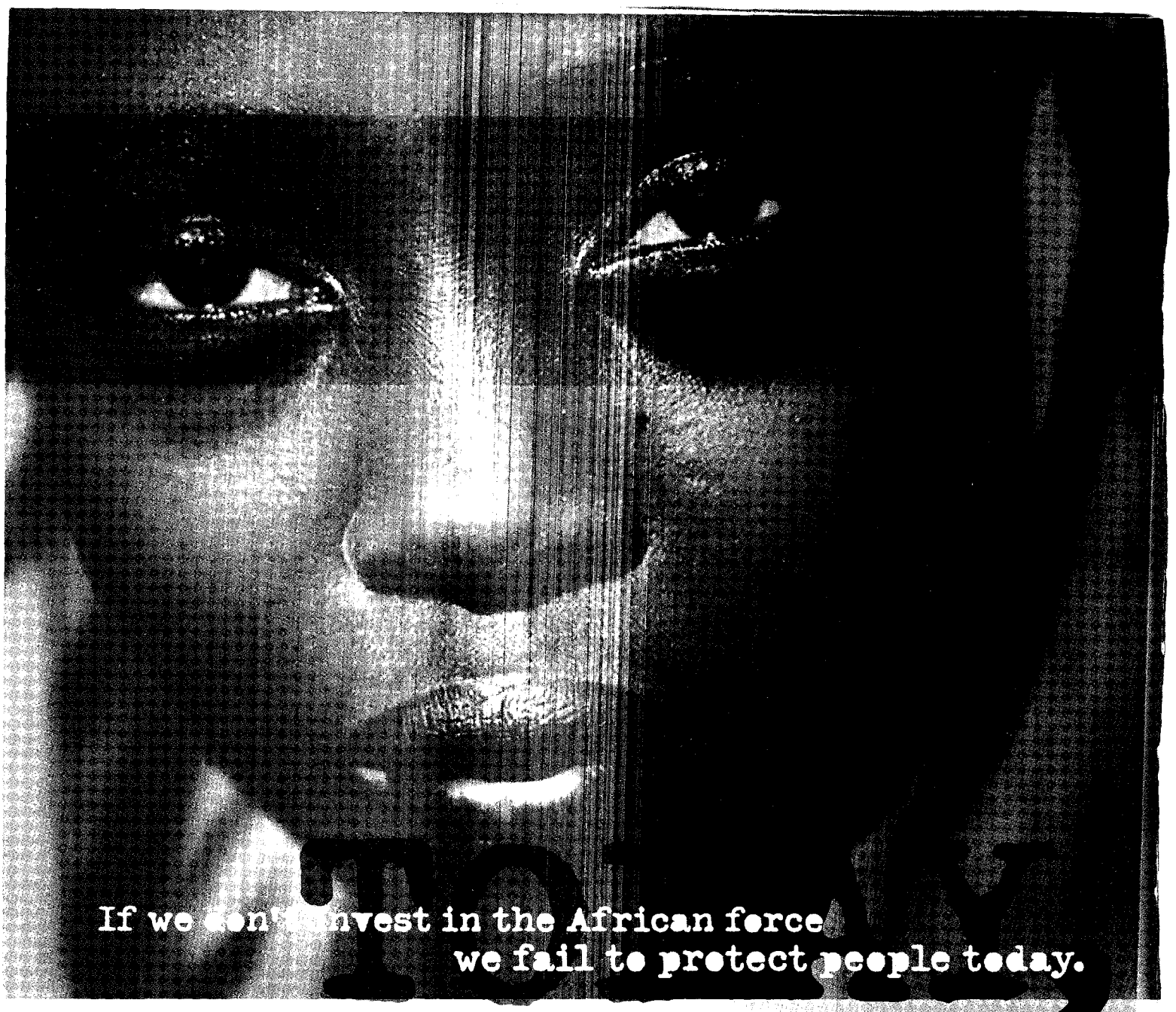
Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

HOOVER INSTITUTION

. . . ideas defining a free society

Hoover Institution Stanford University Stanford, CA 94305-6010 Tel: 877.466.8374 Fax: 650.723.1687 info@hoover.stanford.edu www.hoover.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the **President** needs to:

- Provide logistical and financial support for the African Union peacekeepers already in Darfur
- Continue to push for a NATO bridging mission to bolster existing African forces and enforce a no-fly zone over the region.

the **Congress** needs to:

- Appropriate at least $700 million for peacekeeping in Sudan in 2007. Next year we have the opportunity to end genocide—but it will cost us.

TODAY, Darfurians are not safe. Will they be tomorrow?

Do something today. Visit **www.GenocideIntervention.net**

GENOCIDE INTERVENTION
NETWORK
Have a hand in stopping genocide

Photo Credit: Pep Bonet/Panos

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED